Nº 1741.
THE BYSTANDER, APRIL 28, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

FLYING NUMBER

1

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Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

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Baden-Baden.—Bellevue.—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

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Brenners
Stephanie Hotel.

Baden-Baden. — Hotel Europe. — Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Mod. renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4. Pens. fr. RM. 10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.— Wholly renov. 1935, fcg Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.— Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Kissingen Staatl. — Kurhaushotel.— World renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen—Hotel Reichshof.— Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old established comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date; exceptional pos. by park. 20 yds from baths.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.— The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.

GERMANY—*Continued*

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kurpark. 150 rms., 50 baths. Pension fr. RM.11.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—Most beautiful position, facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension fr. RM. 10.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus)—Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with pte. toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM. 10.50.

Cologne.—Hotel Comœdienhof.—Near Stn. & Cath. Rms. fr. RM 4, lav. & toil. fr. RM 6, pr. bath fr. RM 8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

Cologne. — Excelsior Hotel Ernst. — The leading hotel of Cologne. Opposite the Cathedral.

Frankfurt-am-Main. — Hotel Excelsior. — Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM.4.

Frankfort-on-Main. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading but not expensive Grill-room—Bar.

Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—**Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—facing the Zugspitze, first-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Garmisch Partenkirchen —Hotels Gibson/Schönblick —First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

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Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Sand.—Kurhaus Sand.—R.A.C. Hotel (2,900 ft.). Black Forest, near Baden-Baden. Lake sunb'ng, fish'g. Incl. tms. fr. Mks.6. Catal'gs.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Triberg.—Park Hotel Wehrle.—The Black Forest Home for English people. First-class. Fully illustrated prospectus on demand.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Htl. Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. Opp. Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Patd. by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 M.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comft. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM 10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. 11 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.— (Four Seasons). Select home of Soc. Best pos. Opp. Kurhaus, Opera, Pks. Pen. fm. RM 12.

Wiesbaden.— Victoria Hotel.— First-class family Hotel. Thermal baths, own spring, Garage. Pension from 8 marks.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—With its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50.

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.5c.

Lausanne.—Belvedere House—Best position. First-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice.—On the lake. 100 beds. The best First-class hotel. Incl. terms 10/-. Garden, Garage.

The Bystander

Walter Bird

Margaret Rawlings in "Black Limelight"

The regular if not classical features, the magnetic voice, which last adorned Katie O'Shea so successfully in *Parnell*, are now transferred to a different—yet not so different—theme. In *Black Limelight*, at the St. James's, Miss Rawlings is once more a woman of character round whom revolve various tragic happenings. There any comparison ceases, for Mary Charrington — Miss Rawlings' rôle — is a suburban wife whose husband's infidelities bring on the tragedy that reveals her fine qualities and gives the actress full scope for her histrionic skill. Gordon Sherry is the author of *Black Limelight* (which opened with a success at the Q, then transferred), Molly McArthur decorated, and Campbell Gullan produced: John Robinson, Lawrence Anderson and George Merritt work out the plot round Margaret Rawlings

Signor Giovanni Martinelli returned to the Covent Garden stage after some years to take the name-part in Verdi's "Otello" (Sir Thomas Beecham conducting), with which the opera season opened. The Italian singer has been singing with success in America since he was last here

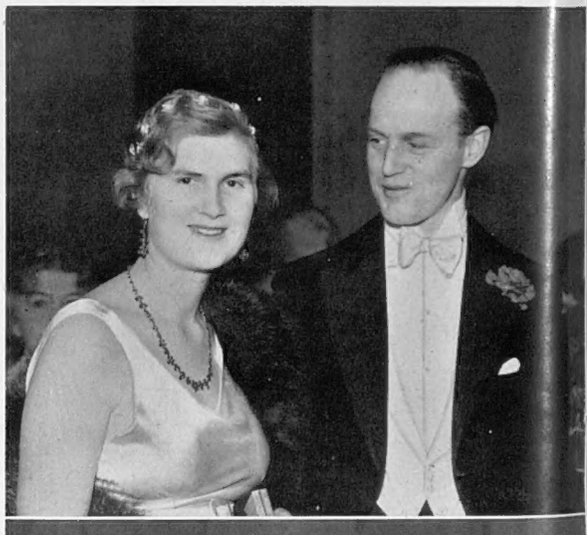
"God Save the King"—the gala-ish audience stand for the National Anthem. Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise were in the Royal Box

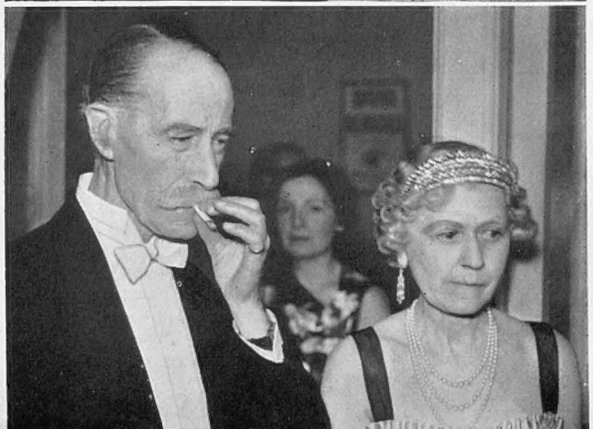
Lord Howland gave the lovely Baroness Von Krieger a drink in the interval. They were both in his grandfather, the Duke of Bedford's, box

Mr. Philip Hill, who is one of the directors of the Royal Opera House, is talking to Mr. Carl Bendix

Coronation Opera

The First Night at Covent Garden





Left—

Above: Mr. Ian Bowater and the Hon. Mrs. Quintin Hogg were there

Below: Colonel the Hon. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon, the Queen's uncle, and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon went together

Right—

Above: Lord and Lady Hinchingbrooke, she in white satin, with diamonds and turquoises in her hair, were in the audience

Below: another young couple were Lord and Lady Cadogan, she wearing black velvet and an impressive tiara

Fayer of Vienna

The Earl of Cromer—Lord Chamberlain

When Coronations are on hand, the busiest and most responsible men concerned are the Earl Marshal and the Lord Chamberlain. Lord Cromer is one of the most experienced of Court officials, and since 1916 when he became Equerry and Assistant Private Secretary to the King, a Coronation is about the only kind of Court function he hasn't seen take place. There is talk of his retiring, like the Prime Minister, after May 12th is past; he is said to have been persuaded by King Edward last year to remain until then in the office he has held for fifteen years. Lord Cromer will be sixty in November; he is the second Earl, having succeeded his father, the former Sir Evelyn Baring, in 1917. He married Lady Ruby Elliott, the Viceroy Earl of Minto's daughter, in 1908, has a nineteen-year-old son, Viscount Errington, who was Page of Honour to George V., from 1931 to 1935, and two daughters, Lady Rosemary Hills and Lady Violet Vernon

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 17

Mireille Balin

MIREILLE BALIN, lovely star of *Pépé le Moko*, which is drawing the town to the Curzon, was born in Monte Carlo. This was quite an accident—her mother being on the way from her native Florence to her husband's home in Paris. But Mireille's life has been a sequence of accidents. It was an accident that she tore a dress at Martial et Armand and at once lost her job as a model girl. It was an accident that a famous French film director had a copy of a fashion magazine with Mireille's face on the cover, which he saw at a restaurant, and signed her up for pictures, her debut being in *Don Quixote*. Since then she has appeared more or less accidentally in half-a-dozen other pictures, and now unexpectedly finds herself sought after by every big studio executive in the world. It was an accident, too, that we met in Marrakech, with the result that I telegraphed the Marquis de Casa Maury suggesting it might be worth her while to get an option on her latest film—which turned out to be *Pépé le Moko*.

Mireille Balin is unlike any other film star I know. She is, indeed, the antithesis of Greta Garbo, to whom she has been likened. Money means little to her. Hollywood means nothing. Although she is an only child, she has all the attributes of a member of a large family. That is to say, she likes playing dominoes, racing demon, spelling bee, draughts and snap. She is restless, talkative, vivid and independent. Mireille never misses a trick and is the mistress of blague. She has no agent, no manager, and doesn't need either.

SHE would be just as happy in a palace as in a back-alley. Yet she dresses beautifully. She is excitable, but never loses her head. She is never on her dignity and yet you know at once that she is one of Fortune's lucky ones. At her apartment in the Rue Spontini she has two West Highland terriers, an angora kitten, and an aunt to chaperone her. She knows scarcely a word of English, but says—and I am sure she is right—that she could learn quite enough in a month to play the lead in an English picture. Meantime she refuses to make the effort to acquire the language until a contract is signed. Between films she goes to Morocco, where she gets all the sunshine and relaxation that she misses in France. But perhaps the most intriguing part about her is her acute nervousness when seeing one of her own pictures. She has the illusion that her image on the screen is going to fall or sing false (Mireille has a delicious mezzo-soprano), and so she sits most of the time with her hand in front of her face and her knees trembling. This is in exact contrast to her utter unself-consciousness in private life. Yes, with her chestnut hair, auburn eyes and large (real) eyelashes, she combines repartee with inquisitiveness, and boyish high spirits with an utterly feminine out look on life—a real "salade," in fact, as she truly describes herself. But what a fascinating one, mon vieux . . .

Charles Graves

Atlantic Crossing

Frank Capra Takes His First Shot of England

Frank Capra, the famous American film director, and his attractive-looking wife arrived on the Normandie last week. He was in London in time to go to the premiere of his "Lost Horizon," at the Tivoli. Capra has directed some grand films, "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" heading the list up to date

Colonel de Basil Arrives With Some of His Dancers

David Lichine, Irina Baronova, Colonel de Basil, Tatiana Riabouchinska, Olga Morosova, and Tamara Gregorieva also arrived in Europe by the Normandie last week. They covered over 13,000 miles during their winter's tour of America. The rest of the company will be here by early June, when they make their first appearance at Covent Garden in the International Opera season—appearing in "Prince Igor" and Glück's "Orphée." Toumanova, unfortunately, will be missing this year as her doctors have told her she must give up dancing altogether for some months

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Henry V." (Old Vic)

THIS production may be regarded as the Old Vic's Coronation contribution—and the best Coronation contribution now on offer in any London theatre. That the production, which is in Tyrone Guthrie's most interesting vein, realises Shakespeare's wildest dream, one would hesitate to affirm, for Shakespeare's wildest dream about *Henry V.* probably was that it should some day be treated by some manager as part of the cycle of which it is but the culmination. That day has yet to dawn. The respect we accord to Wagner's *Ring* and Shaw's *Back to Methuselah* has yet to be accorded to our own countryman's great historical sequence. *Richard II., Henry IV., Part I., Henry IV., Part II.*, and *Henry V.*, being each but a mighty fragment, should be presented on successive nights. Pistol and Bardolph in *Henry V.* are half-baked if you have not seen *Henry IV.* The speech of Mistress Quickly on the death of Falstaff is delivered on the assumption that the corpse she laments is a fresh living memory. The apotheosis of Henry V. himself loses point if you have not seen him in his reckless younger days. And if the triumph of the conclusion is not thrown into relief by the troubles of the preceding reign, then the less triumph it.

NEVERTHELESS, *Henry V.* as a fragment is immeasurably better than no *Henry V.* at all. Some critics, anxious to preserve their equilibrium in the face of Shakespeare's genius, are apt to decry the play as mere tub-thumping. But if any other playwright has ever written a finer speech than the speech on ceremony, if any other playwright has ever created a more risible comic character than Fluellen, if *Henry V.* is not packed with gems, from the Archbishop of Canterbury on honey bees to William on the Day of Judgment, from the Dauphin's praise of his horse to almost any line in any of the choruses, I will eat not merely my words, but the whole of this issue of the BYSTANDER.

And, on the whole, the play is well spoken at the Old Vic. Mr. Laurence Olivier, who is becoming as expert in soliloquys as in somersaults, may be less fiery in the fiery speeches than one had hoped, nor may he sweep the French Princess off her feet by his rather sober attack. But if something of Hamlet has got into his performance, there is more of Hamlet in *Henry V.* than most people realise. His prayer before battle is intensely moving.

THE light charm and delicacy of Miss Jessica Tandy's Princess sparkles as irresistibly as a fountain in the sun. Miss Ivy St. Helier, doubling Dame Quickly (something too lachrymose) with the Lady-in-Waiting, is lively, fresh, and, once again, a rock of dependability. But quite the best performance comes from Mr. Marius Goring, a young actor who is making rapid strides. His delivery of the choruses is as vital as it is large—a rare combination. Most Shakespearean actors, as soon as they attempt size, become sepulchres in which all sense, all reality, all spontaneous reaction lie deeply entombed. Therefore, the decline to naturalism, which means failure again, since that is not the game Shakespeare devised for them to play. Mr. Goring, however, when he scales the heights, never loses his impulse in a mist. And when he exhorts us to work our imaginations, it is the easiest thing in the world to respond, since he himself is setting us such an impeccable example.

Charles VI. and Burgundy: Harcourt Williams and Leo Genn

Sketches by Rouson

Exeter and Henry V.: Alec Guinness and Laurence Olivier (with false nose)

Mistress Quickly and Pistol: Ivy St. Helier and Lawrence Baskomb

As Rosalind in "As You Like It"

Joyce Bland

In Some of Her Stratford Parts

Joyce Bland is acting in the Stratford season for the first time since 1930, when she had only been on the stage for three years. She is now a most accomplished and finely intelligent actress, and her performances have received high praise—particularly her venomous Goneril, her gay Rosalind, her "silvery and ethereal" Imogen. *A Winter's Tale*, in which she plays Hermione, was given for the first time last Friday as the Shakespeare Birthday play

As Goneril in "King Lear"

As Helena in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

As Hermione in "A Winter's Tale"

As Imogen in "Cymbeline"

As Mistress Ford in "The Merry Wives"

Photographs by Anthony

The Club Man

(1) White's *(Continued)*

The Earl of Inchcape *was Kenneth Mackay and succeeded his father, the P. and O. peer, in 1932. Is a Director of the Westminster Bank, and, of course, the P. and O., among other business appointments. Served in the cavalry during the war. A world's worker, he has (or had) a holiday house in Spain. Is a father of six, and a brother-in-law of Harry Roy*

The Hon. (Marcus) Richard Samuel *who will become the third Viscount Bearsted, is a sporting young man who rides in point-to-points, and is Joint-Master of the Warwickshire. He always looks as if he enjoys life, especially in horsey circles. His father belongs to eight clubs and is Chairman of Shell*

Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis, *second Baronet, went to Eton and Cambridge. Nice looking, sociable, and good natured, he patronises resorts, especially the Riviera, where his mother, Mrs. James Milne, owns one of Cannes most palatial villas. His only child, Ardyn, aged fifteen, promises to be very pretty*

Captain Baron Marochetti *belongs to a noble Sardinian family. His father was Italian Ambassador in Paris, London, and St. Petersburg. "George" became British subject, served war in Cherrybims, and in Defence Force during the Coal Strike. A good bridge-player and diner-out, he is liked both sides of La Manche*

The Earl of Hardwicke *was Philip Yorke until last year. A young Old Etonian, he is a subaltern in the Life Guards (S.R.), and the son-in-law of Rt. Hon. Sir Francis Lindley, diplomat. He and his wife are a well-liked pair who commute St. Moritz and Le Touquet, but are not much about with the Mayfairites at other seasons*

The Hon. Percy Thelluson, *only brother and heir-presumptive to the sixth Baron Rendlesham, is a personality and reputed to be an epicure. He also enjoys a legendary reputation as a pre-war pigeon shot at Monte Carlo, but search through 1911 cup winners did not disclose his name. Like fellow member, Wilfred Egerton, he wintered in Florida and the Bahamas*

Major Sidney Mason, *whose son John married Diana, daughter of the late great sportsman Henry Coventry, is a sportsman too. One of the four England polo stewards, he is Chairman of the Polo Association and "lives for" the game's welfare. Has worked tirelessly to save the complicated Ranelagh situation. Prophesies a great season*

Captain James Stuart Coats *— the one and only "Jimmy" of St. Moritz, where he makes history on the Cresta — has a horror of publicity, a deep breathing system, four fine young sons, and a good military record. Is the Duke of Richmond's brother-in-law, and the only surviving son of Sir Stuart Coats, second Baronet*

The Rt. Hon. Leslie Hore-Belisha, *Minister of Transport and creator of London's orangeries, is only forty-four. Went to Oxford, the Sorbonne and Heidelberg. Knows how to order and appreciate the perfect meal. Was mentioned in despatches with the R.A.S.C., since when his career has been an upward curve into the Cabinet. Clever as can be*

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE cuckoo was heard in the New Forest on April 4th by Major Blake, a *Times* reader, and in Sussex on April 8th by Miss Phyllis Norman, another *Times* reader. Both reported at once to the Editor, who ordered the news to be published and Spring to begin—a little earlier this year than last, you observe.

The usual attempt to chuck a monkey-wrench into the works, forestall the *Times*, and give Spring an unofficial start was made by some nobody—his obscure name slips our memory—in one of the more vulgar dailies, we forget which. This person's claims to have heard the cuckoo in Surrey on April 2nd cannot but arouse the contempt and disgust of right-thinking people. In Printing House Square such attempts are deferentially brought to the Editor's notice by a footman who holds the penny sheet in question in a special pair of silver tongs, presented by Disraeli in 1854. Mr. Dawson, having perused the offending item with an instinctive, haughty curl of the lip and in silence, and having exchanged a slight shrug with Mr. Charles Morgan, on whose pale ascetic features impassivity struggles with dismay, born of the realisation that here is something coarse and spiritually wounding, like the laugh of a stockbroker or a strong smell of cabbage, signals curtly to the man to take the thing away and resumes the conversation on its former high level.

It is a tradition in the *Times* that such exhibitions of brash ill-breeding are ignored without comment; but down in the packing and circulation department strong indignant voices are occasionally heard to exclaim: "Insufferable claim!" and "Ineffable insolence!" Nor does the intempestive cuckoo in question escape censure as a bounder and an upstart with inferior plumage and a common voice. Speaking for ourselves we listen only to cuckoos recognised by the *Times*. Oh, the difference! The *difference!*

Nocturne

DEVOTEES of Whistler's *Gentle Art of Making Enemies* will remember its sub-title, which is: "*As Pleasingly Exemplified in Many Instances wherein the Serious Ones of This Earth, Carefully Exasperated, have been Prettily Spurred On to Unseemliness and Indiscretion, while Overcome by an Undue Sense of Right.*" How easy it often is to do this was exquisitely demonstrated the other day, when Timothy Shy remarked casually in the *News-Chronicle* that Mr. G. B. Shaw ate a beefsteak before writing *Saint Joan* (thus fulfilling Mrs. Pat Campbell's famous prophecy, many years ago: "Some day, Mr. Shaw, you 'll eat a beefsteak, and then God help women").

Appalled at this fiendish charge, the Vegetarian Society at once got on to Mr. Shaw, who stigmatised the statement as "a flat and foolish lie"; which pontiff's utterance the Vegetarian Society hastened gladly to convey to the Editor of the *News-Chronicle*, in whose columns the letter appeared in all its virgin beauty a day or so later, causing great fun and laughter. This is precisely the kind of situation Whistler adored: the completely humourless backed by the exasperated Great, and both delivering themselves over bound hand and foot to the enemy. Can't you hear that diabolic "Ha, ha!" and see the Whistlerian white lock waving for joy?

Neither the Vegetarian Society boys, God bless their long earnest faces, nor Mr. Shaw deigned in their haste to take into consideration the possibility that Mr. Timothy Shy was trying hard to find a charitable and reasonable explanation for Mr. Shaw's treatment of St. Joan of Arc in his play, which (as everyone knows who knows the subject) is a Shavian argument founded on a few false premises, as Christopher Hollis among others has ruthlessly demonstrated. That 's all it may have been—just human kindness. And we think the Vegetarian Society, heroes of this incident, ought to go about with its heads in bags for a time, ringing little melancholy bells and explaining humbly to the populace that wanton rejection of flesh-meat has made them rather stupid at times. This goes, apparently, for the Great-I-Am, too.

Ercher!

MOST unintentionally diverting advertisement catching the eye this month, so far, is one which starts off with a fine heroic rigmarole and flafla about the Roving British Spirit, ever calling us hardy islanders to adventure and far horizons (Drake, Raleigh, Cook, Clive, Old Uncle Tom Cochrane and all are in it), reminding us that the whiff of the briny has often proved too much for sober British lads, and leading up thus to the big point, that this is why a short-wave radio set appeals to every Briton, who can roam the whole world over at the turn of a dial.

It 's an increasingly cock-eyed age, and we don't for a moment doubt that there are lots of modern Drakes and Raleighs about, lying comfortably in armchairs or on divans, twirling a knob at intervals, and feeling like regular hairy he-men and adventurers. You also see them lying about the lounges of the big Brighton hotels, scanning the tumbling waves through the windows with a masterful eye, chockful of luncheon, breathing rather stertorously—90 per cent. are City men—and feeling themselves lords of the Ocean and heirs of all the admirals. Those able to get up, we 've observed more than once, walk with a slight but perceptible nautical roll. For two pins they 'd hitch their slacks.

This comes of living on (and rarely leaving) an island. It 's in the Old Blood and that 's all, and we ought to be jolly grateful to Science for enabling us to enjoy our proud heritage without ever having to get off our backs. The only snag is that thousands of extraordinary people—Finns, Argentines, Papuans, possibly the Great Hairy Ainu himself—can do precisely the same thing by buying a short-wave radio set. That seems to us, speaking confidentially, just a bit of a bally outrage.

Inscrutable East Dept.

THE death the other day at the age of eighty-six of the eminent poet Abdulhalik Hamid, known to his myriad admirers as "the Victor Hugo of Turkey," probably gave some of you a bit of a shock. You were not expecting it. Ourselves, we were not;

Telephone Talks: No. 7

"Would Mister André be free to do my hair at about three o'clock?"

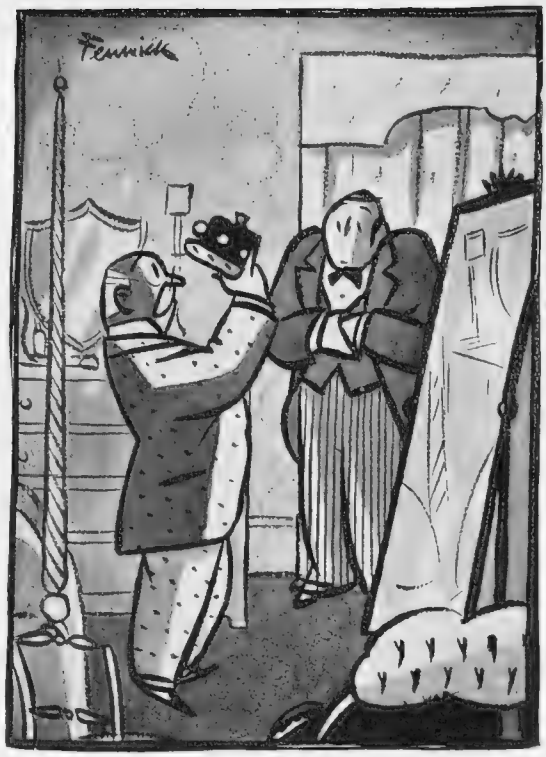
and it was easy to see from the perturbed faces of the art-loving public as it hurried to and fro that day on its various avocations that *it* had not, either. Nor apparently had the boys and girls of the Poetry Society, whose admiration for Abdulhamik Hamid's verse—especially that fine piece, " Tarik Ibn Zeyad "—is well known. Slightly flushed as they were from the Swinburne Centenary, the news came on them like a cold douche.

It will be interesting to see who takes Abdulhamik Hamid's place as the leading poet of New Turkey, and how, seeing that Kemal Ataturk has recently turned the old place completely well upside down and inside out. The new bronze statue, commanding the Golden Horn, of Kemal in a dinner jacket and turned-up trousers is symbolic of the ruthless work of the blue-eyed Roughneck Dictator (John Gunther's word) who has put all the Turks into bowler hats and cloth caps, unveiled all their women, Westernised their alphabet, language, and calendar, abolished their religion, and generally played hell's delight with the mysterious Turkey of our dreams. Gunther quotes specimens of Kemalised Turkish like " Or Duvr " (Hors - d'œuvre), " Enstitu du Boté " (Institut de Beauté), " Star Su Sop " (Star Shoe Shop), and " Moris Sovaliye " (Maurice Chevalier), which make it plain that the new school of Turkish poets will have a pretty job of work in front of it.

If we may make a rough prophecy, their first odes and sonnets and epic works, when they at length appear, will celebrate the compulsory sanitation of Istanbul, the adoption of the Metric system, the opening of a new power station on the Sweet Waters, and kindred topics. Bulbuls and moon-eyed houris and moonlit mosques are out for good, though travellers say these attractions were never, anyway, what they were cracked up to be.

Twopence Coloured

THE recent conversion of the celebrated French convict-ship La Martinière into a fruit-boat gave one or two of the Fleet Street boys a good chance to pull



" Shouldn't it have more knobs on, Mumford ? "

out the old Wurlitzer tremolo stop, with red and green spotlights. The deck cells with barred fronts became " cages," as usual, though the same arrangements in America curiously remain " cells," and one of the boys didn't forget the " floating hell " business either, a vivid touch which always pleases. Not long before there 'd been some mild Press agitation about the mental and other tortures involved in solitary confinement for punishment in British long-term prisons, but the word " hell " wouldn't occur to Fleet Street in that connection, naturally.

There was nothing horrific about the Martinière, as a matter of fact. When the sub - human tigers who formed 90 per cent. of her regular cargo got out of hand on the voyage to Cayenne, as they occasionally did, the guards switched on the boiling steam and stopped the trouble quickly and without fuss. Anyone who imagines any other form of argument, save shooting, would appeal to the ferocious sweepings of the Paris and Marseilles underworlds has evidently never read his subject up. A. E. W. Mason touches on the fact accurately in *No Other Tiger*, and there are dozens of detailed *reportages* by French journalists which make it even more obvious. If there was any terror aboard the Martinière it was inspired by those of the passengers who, foiled of the chance of tearing their late friends to pieces or cutting them up with homely makeshift weapons, had to wait till they caught 'em unawares in a dormitory riot at the other end. One must admit that it is perhaps a wee bit brutal to sprinkle the ringleaders with hot steam to discourage them. The rose-water used to quell riots in British convict prisons should be sufficient.

Naval Occasion

AT regular intervals the 'plane v. battleship controversy crops up in the papers, some of the pundits declaring that the big battleship is a helpless target for air bombs, others holding no less passionately that the damage done by the 'plane at sea is relatively small. It was interesting to discover the other night, as we were dipping into that grand bed-book, the *Thousand and One Nights*—not the nursery version, but the translation of Dr. Mardrus—that our old buddy Sindbad the Sailor was afforded a graphic working demonstration as long ago as the tenth century A.D. or thereabouts. It was his fifth voyage, from Bassra. Some days out they saw a huge shining dome ashore which turned out to be the egg of the gigantic bird called the Rokh. They landed, banged it to bits, killed and roasted the young rokh, and were spotted and duly chased out to sea by the parent birds, each of which was so huge that its wings covered the sun, and each of which carried in its claws a nice big boulder twice as big as Sindbad's ship. The first rokh dropped his bomb. The captain gave the rudder a skilful twist, veered swiftly to starboard, and dodged it. Then the other rokh scored a direct hit and smashed the ship to smithereens.

This of course leaves the controversy pretty well where it was, with honours divided equally between seamanship and aircraftsmanship. Or might one say, looking at it another way, that the first bird probably belonged to the Rokhland R.A.F. and the second was a naval pilot ? A current complaint of some naval experts is that few R.A.F. officers, through no fault of their own, have ever tried to bomb a submarine, the Air Ministry considering this work a sideline. Hence an agitation for complete Admiralty control of the Fleet Air Arm, on which a naval friend of ours had a trenchant piece in the *English Review* the other day. We wouldn't presume to shove our oar into the controversy, except to ask mildly whether even smarter steering mightn't have foiled both rokhs. **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

" You 're so different "

Norman Parkinson

Theyre Lee-Elliott — Artist and Poster-Designer

Theyre Lee-Elliott, like so many artists before him, has fallen under the ballet's spell: an exhibition of pictures by him, carried out in an original technique in tempera, is being held at the moment at Sadler's Wells. Nearly all the pictures are of two outstanding personalities of contemporary ballet—Tamara Toumanova, of the de Basil Company, and Margot Fonteyn, of the Vic-Wells Company. The exhibition, which opened on Monday, is the first of a series to be held at Sadler's Wells in aid of the Vic-Wells Ballet Plan. The greater part of Lee-Elliott's work hitherto has been poster-designing: his clear vivid style stands out even in the brilliant competition of the London Passenger Transport Board's gallery of artists. He has worked also for the Southern Railway, Navy Week, Austin Reed; the air-mail stamps carry his symbol, the Post Office's telephone symbol is his, and so are the speed symbols used by several well-known air lines

The Air 1937

Specially written for the "Bystander"

By the Rt. Hon. Sir Philip Sassoon, Bart., G.B.E., C.M.G., M.P., Under-Secretary of State for Air

Sir Philip Sassoon is Honorary Air Commodore of No. 601 Squadron, County of London, Auxiliary Air Force

IN the early hours of the morning of Sunday, July 25th, 1909, Louis Bleriot left the French coast near Calais and landed 40 minutes later, in North Fall Meadow, behind Dover Castle. To the people of Great Britain the event was one of the most profound significance. For nearly 1000 years, during which the British race was born and the British Empire created and made prosperous by sea power and sea communications, the sea had defended us from invasion. The crossing of the Channel brought home to us with dramatic suddenness the fact that there had arisen a new means of communication which made nought of the boundaries between sea and land.

HISTORY has pointed out that the sea, which later became England's road to prosperity and power, was in her early days a source of fatal weakness. It enabled armed raiders and invading nations to land without warning at almost any point along her coastline. It was not until she had learned herself the science of the sea that England could turn this cause of initial weakness into a source of greatness.

THAT plain and simple fact of history has a lesson for us to-day. The aeroplane has taken the place of the long ship. But, if we learn the science of the air as thoroughly as long ago we learnt the science of the sea, we can once again build out of weakness a new and greater strength.

THIS is an age of progress. The generation which has seen the first conquest of the air, has seen also the development of flying go forward at a rate greater than that of any other art. During this critical stage of development, the British people have held their own. They have shown that given the necessary incentive their science and industry can produce unsurpassed results. British pilots have found a genius for the air, just as their forbears discovered a genius for the sea. The omens for the British people, then, in the profoundly altered field of strategy and communications with which we are now confronted, are propitious.

THE development of the science of flying for military purposes has, indeed, been astonishingly rapid. But a period of equally rapid commercial exploitation of the art is almost certainly at hand. Great developments are now approaching in regard to increased speed, range and weight carrying capacity. We have now arrived at the important point where oceans, as well as continents, can be spanned. Much has already been done to ensure that the British Empire is among the leaders in the race for civil air expansion. The measures now being taken to develop the Imperial air mails and the Trans-atlantic services, are proof that this country is alive to the rich potentialities of aviation in its civil aspects.

Charles E. Brown

The Westland "Lysander," an R.A.F. two-seater for reconnaissance and co-operation with the Army

AT the present time, however, much as we may regret it, the chief pre-occupation of the Air Ministry is with the military aspects of aviation. For reasons too well known to call for comment, the Royal Air Force is engaged upon an expansion more rapid and extensive than has ever been attempted, under peace conditions in a democratic country, by any branch of the armed forces.

WHEN the expansion began, less than

British Airways

A Study in Metal

by

Norman Parkinson

"Flight"

A Hawker light bomber with Rolls Royce "Merlin" engine, in flight over Brooklands. According to well-informed rumour, this is a world-beater

three years ago, the Air Force was, and had long been, a comparatively small Service. The net amount of money taken by the Air Ministry in the year 1934 was only £17,561,000. That was to maintain a force at a maximum of 31,000 officers and men. To-day the personnel of the Air Force has risen to over 50,000. The Air Estimates for 1937 contemplate further increases up to a maximum of 70,000 of all ranks. The estimated expenditure for 1937 is no less than £82,500,000. At the present time the Air Ministry is acquiring no fewer than 75 new stations at home and abroad. To many of the existing stations, large extensions have been made. The number of Flying Training Schools has increased from 4 to 11 and, in addition, a large amount of preliminary flying training is given in civil flying schools, now numbering 13, instead of 4. In 1932, the Air Force entered 347 pilots of all categories. In 1935 the new entrants increased to 1300, and in 1936 to over 1500. These are the pilots for the regular Air Force. But there has been created also a new organisation to provide a Reserve of pilots. This is the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve, which is to be manned by young men who, while continuing their civil occupations, will be trained as pilots in their spare time.

THE most intricate and perplexing aspect of the expansion scheme is that which deals with the provision of equipment in all its forms. When the present programme has been completed, the strength in first line aircraft of the Royal Air Force will be, roughly, three times as great as it was only three years ago. In addition, we shall possess much larger stocks of aircraft in reserve than have been previously provided. Obviously, this has meant placing very much larger orders in the aircraft industry, which has had to wrestle with the problem of meeting demands for production on a very much larger scale than has hitherto been required. Nor is the problem one of quantity only. If we had been content to multiply existing types, the task would have been much more simple. But aeronautical technique and design is changing so rapidly that existing types are already out of date. To take one example only, progress in stressed skin and geodetic methods of construction has enabled the monoplane to replace the biplane. The policy of the Air Ministry has been, therefore, to expend all our energies in getting new and better types quickly into production.

Recruits for the R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve testing one of their Irwin parachutes at Hanworth

TO this end, there has been adopted a new method of ordering which shortens substantially what is known as the "development period" of new types. Under the old system a machine was never ordered in production quantities, until it had been tested out and fully equipped, first as a prototype, and then by one selected unit. That system guaranteed the initial suitability of a design. It also meant, inevitably, that by the time machines were being produced to it in quantity, the design was already some years old. So we have had to modify our system of ordering. By our new system we ensure, not only that the demands of the Service for large numbers of aircraft are met, but that the machines provided embody the most modern developments in design.

MANY of the readers of this article will, no doubt, wish that the energies and ingenuity applied in such full measure to the expansion of the Royal Air Force, and the expenditure undertaken for that purpose, could have been diverted to the development of civil aviation. The question is a pregnant one. Many people in all countries are perplexed by the problem which Dr. Johnson put into the mouth of one of the characters in *Rasselas*, who, having discovered the art of flying, decided that it was too dangerous to be encouraged. ". . . If men were all virtuous I would, with great alacrity, teach them all to fly, but what would be the security of the good, if the bad could, at pleasure, invade them from the sky, against an army sailing through the clouds. Neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas could afford any security."

THE answer to these forebodings is, first, that we should avoid despair and pessimism, and, secondly, that we should seek patiently and perseveringly for assuagement of political fears and animosities. It is certain that the answer will not be found in deprecating or impeding the development of a great and inherently beneficial discovery. We can further comfort ourselves and strengthen our determination to proceed, by remembering that the expansion of the Royal Air Force is being undertaken not to wage war, but to prevent it.

I AM quite certain that the expansion programme which has been briefly described in this article is not regarded by responsible persons in any country in the world as a menace to peace. On the contrary, it is being watched with approval by all who are concerned to maintain the peace of the world. If the nations of the world are to pass safely through the dangers of the next few years, they need the counsel and the aid of an England strong enough to exercise with resolution an influence proportionate to its unique position. Once the present period of crisis is safely over, the development of civil and military aviation will be able to proceed on a properly balanced basis, to the benefit of civilisation generally. The history of the past has shown that, in the long run, any new means of communication promotes co-operation and understanding in international affairs. There is no valid reason to think that air communications will prove to be an exception to the general rule.

Chas. E. Brown

The aircraft-carrier "Glorious" spilling a North Atlantic breaker from her bow. This picture was taken from H.M.S. "Courageous," a sister carrier

Howard Coster, London

G. E. Woods Humphery — Managing Director of Imperial Airways

Mr. Woods Humphery may be described without exaggeration as the leading figure in the world in air transport. For over thirteen years he has been general manager, then managing director, of Imperial Airways, and it is largely the result of his enterprise that this firm occupies its present position. Few people work harder and few have his gift of inspiring a staff with the same zest. At the present time he is probably one of the busiest men in the country, for he is largely responsible for the initiation and the inauguration of the all-air Empire mail programme, by which in the future all letters intended for the British Empire shall be sent automatically by air without surcharge. It is a programme which will have far-reaching results for the good of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Mr. Woods Humphery was awarded the C.B.E. in 1935 for services to Empire aviation

The winners take the "Bystander" trophies: *Mr. Ernest Charlton, captain of Birkdale Club, where the Ladies' Northern Foursomes were played, and Miss Franklin-Hindle, ladies' captain, presented the trophies and replicas to Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Bridget Newell (Cavendish), holders and retainers*

Point-to-point head-gear was worn at Birkdale by Miss Learoyd Hind and Mrs. Dudley Nisbitt; on the right, posed by the rustic bag-rest, are Mrs. L. G. Robertson (Reddish Vale) and Mrs. Lloyd Jones (Manchester)

"Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes (15th Year)

Final Stages at Birkdale: By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

FOR the second time in history, the holders held Northern Foursomes. What Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Barbara Lees achieved at Birkdale and Ganton in 1934 and 1935, Miss Bridget Newell and Miss Cradock-Hartopp repeated at Seacroft and Birkdale in 1936 and 1937. The moral of which seems to be that if you are a really perfect foursome pair, who play together constantly, not merely form a temporary alliance for the week, you do have a very decided pull over other couples.

Against which somebody will doubtless argue that the runners-up at Birkdale had not even entered together, but joined forces to repair damage done by broken arms and such-like disasters to their original partners. Whether Mrs. Forbes Cooper and Mrs. Labron Johnson are in the habit of playing together at West Lancs I do not know, but they, like Miss Newell and Miss Hartopp, seemed to play with an excellent understanding of each other. That they could not win was perhaps hardly surprising: the holders are a pretty formidable couple, with the winning habit, and that counts for quite a lot as well as mere skill, such as long hitting, the holing of putts, and, above all, really amazing recovery shots.

SCEPTICS may say, "Why recoveries, if they played so superbly?" Let the sceptics play seven consecutive rounds over a course as beset with trouble as Birkdale, even on comparatively unwindy days. Trouble there almost must be, and the great thing is to know how to meet it.

Thus thought Miss Newell, and spent the last afternoon before the Foursomes alone with her niblick, in various forms of bunkers and other sandy atrocities. Some said it was a poor compliment to her partner, but it was a wise one, and Miss Hartopp knows her too well to mind a little thing like that. It is so comforting to feel that if you do plunge into the depths, your partner will surely extricate you; that knowledge Miss Hartopp had. Miss Newell, for her part, could feel equally sure that if she put the shot up to the hole within two yards of it, the ensuing putt would go down, which again is an inestimable boon to both morale and results.

It seems as if those are the greatest assets in foursome golf. Cold arithmetic would have you believe that one good shot plus one bad shot must equal one bad shot plus one good one. But arithmetic lies. It is the latter shot which matters: a poor beginning may be expiated by a fine ending, but to backslide after a good start leads only to destruction. Watch any match, singles or foursomes, and you find that true, but most of all in foursomes, where there is the tremendous mental effect on the partner of feeling her best effort rewarded instead of wasted. If all golf is three-fourths mental, foursome golf is seven-eighths.

FOR the runners-up all the competitors and spectators had much admiration, tempered with sympathy. Mrs. Forbes Cooper has played plenty of competition golf: the big occasion lacks terror for her, and so emphatically must Birkdale, for she holed that course in 76 last summer in the Veterans' Meeting, and won the scratch prize with it. But Mrs. Labron Johnson is unused to a crowd: the proximity of so many deeply interested, and sometimes too talkative, human beings was the very reverse of helpful, and even if she failed to reproduce the excellent golf she had played in earlier rounds, who shall say it was surprising? They had done great things in beating the much-fancied pair, Miss Jessie Anderson and Mrs. Barbour, in the semi-final, and in that match Mrs. Johnson had pulled her weight right nobly.

In fact, at the beginning of it, she and Mrs. Forbes Cooper fairly vied with each other who should be the most deadly near the hole. They were receiving eight strokes, and the hearts of Mrs. Barbour and Miss Anderson must indeed have sunk when Mrs. Cooper ran down a four-yard putt for a half at the first hole, Mrs. Johnson one only a trifle shorter to win the second, and Mrs. Cooper another highly missable one to halve the third in 4. That was 5, 5, 4 for both sides—high-class figures with the wind as it was, blowing quite freshly against at the second. At the fourth Mrs. Johnson very nearly holed another long putt, but it stayed out and Miss Anderson rolled in a three-yarder to square the match with a 3. At the fifth there was one putt again from the West Lancs. pair, and Mrs. Barbour's fine long approach putt could only get a half in 4.

THE sixth was too full of ditches and other incidents to be retold here; in the very long run they called it a half, Mrs. Barbour winning the seventh and turning one up. Mrs. Cooper looked like squaring it at the eighth, where there was a stroke, but three putts occurred and there was a half. After that the most notable shots for some time were Miss Anderson's fine recovery at the twelfth, Mrs. Cooper's tee shot at the thirteenth, where they nearly had a 2, and Mrs. Barbour's six-yarder to the lip of the fourteenth. Her side was 2 up there. But what was two down and four to play to Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Johnson, who had survived earlier rounds after being five down to both the redoubtable Mrs. Bason and Mrs. Whitfield, and to Mrs. Garnett Lloyd and her daughter? They had their chance at the fifteenth, where Mrs. Cooper put a fine third up on to the plateau green. Miss Anderson played a beautiful chip after bunkering her second, but Mrs. Barbour missed the putt: that made the match one down, three holes to play, and strokes at two of them. Mrs. Cooper played a fine long pitch on to the sixteenth, Miss Anderson

Miss Greenwood and Mrs. Glassford, playing round their home course, reached the fourth round to be beaten by the semi-finalists, Mrs. Barbour and Miss Anderson

Miss Jessie Firth (Formby) and Miss Elsie Corlett (Royal Lytham and St. Anne's) were Mrs. Barbour's and Miss Anderson's next victims—in the fifth round; they, too, were beaten by five and three

Mrs. Leonard and Mrs. Hargreaves were another pair who were playing round their home course at Birkdale; they met the photographer at the thirteenth tee

Mrs. G. C. Pearce and Mrs. Walter Nelson were a pair from West Lancashire. They met Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Anderton—a Mere couple—in the first round

a grand one from nearer, to within five feet of the hole, but again Mrs. Barbour's putt slipped past, and there was a half with the stroke. At the seventeenth Mrs. Cooper's tee shot was on the green, Mrs. Barbour's bunkered, and Miss Anderson failed to get her's clear: square. At the eighteenth Miss Anderson hit a huge drive, but Mrs. Barbour's iron did not find the green, which Mrs. Cooper had nearly reached with a great second from much further back; Miss Anderson played a bad chip, and Mrs. Cooper's side, with the stroke, won the hole and the match.

MISS HARTOPP and Miss Newell, meanwhile, had a slight but definite whip-hand of Mrs. Garon and Lady Alness, to whom they gave one stroke. Mrs. Garon fought nobly, but Lady Alness was palpably nervous, and that was the straw that turned the scale. Luck, too (as usual, backing a winner), helped Miss Newell's side, with a putt that staggered in by the back door at the fourth, and a pulled second at the fifth which missed trouble, whereupon Miss Hartopp put the chip near enough for a 4, which made them three up. A rabbit scrape used up the one stroke Mrs. Garon's side was getting at the next hole, so that was only a half, but then they seemed on the point of making a mighty fight, for they chipped dead to halve the seventh in 3, and Lady Alness followed up a grand iron from her partner by holing a five-yard putt to win the eighth in 3, too. And they won the ninth, so turning only one down. The next two holes changed hands, and then at the twelfth Miss Newell hit a drive the length of which will be talked of for many a long day, and holed a five-yard putt to boot for an eagle 3. She lipped the next for a 2 from off the green, did some successful delving, and Miss Hartopp one-putting to win the fifteenth and halved the sixteenth for the match. A spectator remarked, watching Miss Hartopp: "Joe, can ye keep yer head down like that?"; and another of Miss Newell: "It 's not fair." Certainly, they played grand stuff.

So they did in the final, of which the purple patches were Miss Newell's clever iron from the sandhills at the sixth and her really beautiful iron at the ninth, which trickled a couple of feet dead straight past the pin. Sherlock has taught her to play her irons, and no mistake. That was out in 39, and six up. In spite of the eight strokes to give, they won by 6 and 5; the other side's putts would not quite drop, and the difference in combined length and experience was too decisive.

But Mrs. Forbes Cooper and Mrs. Johnson had shown, by reaching the final, that the longer handicap pairs can hold their own in these foursomes if only they will keep their courage up and their heads down. What they, at 25 joint handicap, did, other couples can do.

***The eight semi-finalists with the prizes:** Left to right in the back row are Mrs. Marjorie Garon and Lady Alness, who lost to the winners by 3 and 2, and Miss Jessie Anderson and Mrs. Barbour, who lost to the runners-up by one hole; in the front row are Miss Newell and Miss Hartopp, the winners, with Mrs. Labron Johnson and Mrs. Forbes Cooper, runners-up; the victorious holders gave three and won by 6 and 5*

Trousers were quite in fashion at Birkdale, and although these are not right up to the standard of Mrs. Allsop's black corduroy ones, they are equally useful. The wearers are Mrs. T. Curran and Mrs. W. H. Wood, a Manchester pair

THERE are the Scottish Foursomes coming on, open to players from everywhere, since Scottish means venue, not qualification, and to stay at Gleneagles Hotel for 15s. a day inclusive during June is a prospect not to be despised. The entry form and conditions are on page viii.

The King's Course there is no harder for the long handicap than Birkdale; indeed, the width of fairways and size of green may well help them. It is difficult to say, for this is the first time that BYSTANDER Foursomes have visited that choice spot. All one dare say is that there cannot be better fighting than at Birkdale, and that for hospitality the Lancashire club set a standard which nobody can expect to see repeated elsewhere. I am not going to make your mouth water with telling of all the good things we ate and drank at the invitation of the respective captains, Mr. Ernest Charlton and Miss Franklin-Hindle. But you have doubtless heard tell of the asparagus grown on the Lancashire coast and the shrimps which swim beside it. If not, go and sample them. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Sea Saga: By Alan Thomas

MR. H. M. TOMLINSON has gone down to the sea again. His new novel, *All Hands!* (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), is a stirring tale of those who do business in great waters. The freighter Hestia was an ill-fated ship. "She 's been ashore, and she 's bumped, and she 's been on fire. . . . If dirt 's about there she is." But her new master and her crew were seamen, "married to the ship"; and maritime marriages have their ups and downs, especially in these days of wireless when "an office boy a thousand miles away can deflect a ship and make hash of the plans of her company." The Hestia, lately from Java, inadequately reconditioned, should never have attempted that Atlantic crossing. In the Western Ocean she ran into a hurricane—and out of it. Mr. Tomlinson has made a thrilling story. He changes the scene as it might be with the aid of a revolving stage. Now we are in the Hestia's engine-room, reeling to the waves' assault; now in the Blackheath home of an underwriter wondering how heavy his liabilities will be; now with the wife of the Chief Engineer, waiting for news; now on the bridge of the Cunarder Catalonia answering the Hestia's S.O.S.; now back in the stokehold of the Hestia, where the second engineer is breathing fire and slaughter, telling his men that they 'll be saved on their own steam or else they 'll swamp—"You half-drowned dock-rate!"

Mr. Tomlinson knows the sea as he knows men, and he is never more impressive than when he is showing how in all waters and in all weathers the ship is the first charge. "Chips" the Bos'n, "Sparks," Number One, the Chief, and the Master—their only use, only excuse for living, is in the service of the ship. This is a fine, dramatic story, and it will be surprising if for months to come libraries and bookshops are not kept busy piping *All Hands!*

MR. CHARLES DOUIE'S *Night of Stars* (Murray; 7s. 6d.), is also about a ship and her passengers. But whereas the sea is an inspiration to Mr. Tomlinson, one feels that Mr. Douie has chosen to put his characters on a ship mainly because it is a convenient way of getting them together. The first half of the book is concerned mainly with the cogitations and chit-chat of these people, who are for the most part conventionally observed. The plot does not begin to move until a new passenger comes on board at the only port of call. His arrival sets the story going, with the result that Mr. Douie slides into melodrama—attempted murder, a rescue, and a grim conflict between revenge and love. This is a first novel: it is written with sincerity and sensibility, and when his protagonists talk of their war experiences, Mr. Douie reaches a level of reality and intensity not apparent elsewhere. His predilection for short, sharp sentences does not, I think, add grace or style to his writing. But there is sufficient quality in this book to promise better things in his next.

Lafayette

A. Wallis Myers, C.B.E.

His distinguished association with the game of lawn tennis, as promoter, player and writer, dates from the Doherty era. Now in the fifties, he was originally one of J. A. Spender's young men on the "Westminster Gazette," then became a member of the "Daily Telegraph" staff, where he has been for thirty years. He is the only player to have won the Veterans' Doubles Championship of both Britain and America. His latest book on the game, "Great Lawn Tennis," is published by Cassell's to-day

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, so a friend of his told him, was in danger of falling between three stools—Law, Politics and Literature. This, as it turned out, was near the truth; changing those stools into ladders, we may say that Birrell never reached the topmost rung of any. Yet even so, posterity may have a place for him—not for any great political achievement, not for any lasting impression he may have left upon our legal system, but for the well-salted contribution he has made to literature in the form of essays—"*Obiter Dicta*," as he sometimes called them—and for the rich, generous full-flavoured memoir he has left behind him, entitled, characteristically enough, *Things Past Redress* (Faber and Faber; 15s.). Even in these days when reminiscences are being poured out in almost the same quantity as novels, this is a book that ought not to be missed. It is rich in literary quality, in anecdote, in comment upon men and things; it is generous in outlook (for all the "Birrellisms" scattered through its pages); and it is full-flavoured by the sturdy independence he has brought to the formation of his judgments. Reading over these memories of Cambridge, of Lincoln's Inn, of the House of Commons, and later of the days when he was President of the Board of Education, and then Chief Secretary for Ireland, one gets the impression perhaps of a disappointed man, but never (apart from the deep personal losses which fell upon him) of an unhappy man. And it is in no spirit of rancour or complaint that in his valedictory chapter he writes: "It is pleasant to think that there is some authority for the expectation that hereafter we shall all be 'changed,' and perhaps irrecognisable." This is not one of the world's great autobiographies: but it has more wit and wisdom in it than many I have read.

"LETTERS TO A FRIEND," by Winifred Holtby (Collins; 10s. 6d.), is a book I turned to as soon as I saw it. Winifred Holtby was a brilliant novelist and journalist; she was also a company commander—more perhaps—in what H. W. Nevinson has called the Stage Army of the Good. In her work for peace and freedom she represented the thoughts and feelings of numberless men and women of her generation. As she says (prophetically enough, seeing that the letter is dated October 1923), "We seem to be rushing straight to another relapse into barbarism," and adds with the faith which she strove so hard to keep alive in others: "Even if we live to see Europe lose herself in the shadows of another dark age, our great-grandchildren will see the Renaissance—and for them we must keep the torch burning." But it is not only as an apostle of the new world order that we see her in these letters: she appears also as a writer, a teacher, a traveller, a friend, a lover of music, of dancing, of gay clothes and—on one day, at all events—of "Claret—slightly warmed." Fortunate that these letters, which cover the years 1920 to 1935 and occupy over 450 pages, were written to a friend as far away as South Africa. Had she been nearer home, they would have been shorter, less descriptive, more, in fact, like letters. My first fears that this was a volume that should have been confined to private circulation were groundless. It is well that the letters have been published. They give a portrait of their author and are to some extent a mirror of her times.

Lady Howard de Walden (right), President of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, took a big party to the concert. With her in the photograph is her debutante daughter, the Hon. Margaret Scott-Ellis

Mrs. Cecil Brownhill and Air-Marshal Philip Joubert de la Ferte were there together. She goes regularly to Salzburg for the Festival. The Air-Marshal is C.-in-C. the R.A.F. Coastal Command

The Hon. Mary Parnell was another debutante in the audience. She is the eldest of the eleven-year-old Lord Congleton's five sisters and brother

Salzburg Concert

The Salzburg orchestra under Dr. Paumgartner played at the fifth gala concert in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital last week. Anything in aid of Queen Charlotte's is a big social event, but this concert was much more, since the Salzburg orchestra's visit to London is of first-class importance musically, and the Queen's Hall was packed to the roof

Left: Mrs. Theodore Wessel, Lord Churston's mother, and Mrs. Linley Messel went together. Linley Messel is the brother of Oliver Messel

Lady Ottoline Morrell

The Duke of Portland's half-sister, a great hostess in the political and artistic world, took tickets. Her husband was formerly M.P. for Burnley

Engaged Couple

Fl.-Lieut. Grandy and Miss Cecile Rankin, daughter of Sir Robert Rankin, M.P., Squire of Broughton-in-Furness, arrived late and were locked out till the first piece had been played

Talking to Mrs. Richard Guinness is the Hon. James Smith, a director of Covent Garden who had deserted the opera for one night

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S sixth, and presumably last, Budget contained, as we all know now, only one surprise, and that was his new tax on Industrial profits. The graduation of it is complicated and, although I listened attentively to the Chancellor's speech, I confess I could not understand the workings of the tax. So I do not suppose that even if I learnt up all about it from experts and explained it here, that any of you would be any the wiser. So I won't bother about it. The threepence on income-tax is a little easier to understand, and as everyone had expected it, no one is worrying about it very much.

THE scene in the House while the Chancellor was speaking was curious. As he went on, it became clear to the Labour benches that he was not going to impose any new indirect taxes, and they became increasingly warm in their approval. It was exactly the reverse on the Tory side. The only two new taxes being direct, the Tories distinctly cooled off, and so, in the end, we had the unusual spectacle of a Conservative Chancellor getting more applause for his Budget from his opponents than from his friends. There was one remark, however, which delighted all parts of the House. "It would be presumptuous of me to expect to retain this office for many more years." Everyone knows that, barring accidents, by the time the next Budget is introduced Mr. Chamberlain will be Prime Minister.

SIR JOHN SIMON is now the hot favourite for the reversion of the Chancellorship. Both Mr. Runciman and Sir Samuel Hoare have definitely gone back in the betting. I hear, on what is technically known as the best possible authority, that many Ministers are a little uneasy about Mr. Chamberlain's advent to power; they think, apparently, that he is not by nature an inheritor. That is to say, he might prefer to bring in a good deal of new blood, rather than accept what will have been left to him by Mr. Baldwin.

SIR ARTHUR SALTER'S maiden speech in the House of Commons was a notable occasion. The famous economist attracted a large audience and held it. It was one of those moments when the House shows its best side. The Conservatives, whose candidate he had defeated at the Oxford University by-election, and whose Protectionist policy he deplored, applauded his speech with generous warmth.

CAPTAIN "POTATO" JONES, or, as the Spaniards more picturesquely call him, Jones El Patatero, had won an almost Conradesque reputation for himself before he and his famous cargo disappeared from last week's news. But I cannot help thinking that he owes rather more to his beautiful nickname than to his exploits. Captain Roberts, on the other hand, master of the Seven Seas Spray, has no nickname, but ran the blockade with the utmost sangfroid into Bilbao and delivered his cargo of salt, wine, olive-oil, honey, flour, beans and peas. So, two days later, did another Jones—"Corn-Cob"—and Captains Still and Prance. But I may be doing an injustice to El Patatero, and I hope I am. It would add greatly to the gaiety of the world if he suddenly popped up in a Spanish port after all.

Part of a Busy Day

The Duke and Duchess of Kent attended the Robert Mayer concert for children at the People's Palace, Mile End Road, one day last week; on the same evening they went to the premiere of "Our Fighting Navy" in aid of St. George's Hospital

China's Coronation Delegate: H.E. Dr. Kung and Miss Kung

Dr. H. H. Kung is one of the most distinguished persons in modern China. He is Finance Minister to the Nanking Government, Vice-President of the Executive Yuan, and foremost economic and democratic reformer of his country. Brother-in-law of the late Dr. San Yat Sen, and of the present generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, his own family is one of great antiquity, Dr. Kung being the 75th direct descendant of Confucius. He is, nevertheless, an ardent Christian and converted Chiang to the faith. In the delegation with Dr. Kung are Admiral Chen Shao-kuan and Mr. Quo Tai-chi, and he is accompanied by his elder daughter, Rosamonde

THE Academy has done itself honour by electing Mr. Eric Gill an Associate. Mr. Gill, whatever else he is, cannot be described as academical or orthodox. The only new R.A. is Sir Edwin Cooper, who designed the colossal building of the Port of London Authority on Tower Hill, and the new Lloyd's.

THE Incorporated Association of Architects and Surveyors are on Sir Thomas Inskip's trail on the subject of railings round London squares. Last week I spoke about Sir Thomas's desire to pull them down, perhaps to beat them into battle-cruisers, and certainly to allow children to play. The Inc. Ass. is all against this. "With the railings gone," cries the secretary, "how long would

(Concluded on page 148)

The Artist Mixes His Colours

Raoul Dufy, French Artist

He Has Painted the World's Largest Picture for the Paris Exhibition Palais de l' Electricité

"Malgré ses cheveux blancs, le maître évoquerait, avec son œil bleu, son nez impertinent et ses joues rebondies, un ange du 18e siècle, si une retenue et une malice toutes normandes ne venaient atténuer cette impression"—this description of Raoul Dufy appeared in an interview with him in a French paper. The Exhibition authorities handed over to him a space of six hundred square metres (sixty long and ten high) to decorate in the Electricity Pavilion, and he decided to paint one picture over the whole surface. His subject is the history of electricity from 550 B.C. down to Pierre and Marie Curie; his design includes 140 characters—philosophers, scientists, doctors—every sort of natural phenomenon above, on and below the earth and sea, illustrations of every service rendered by electricity to mankind. This vast picture, entailing unimaginable research on the painter's part, is executed on 250 panels which are finally adjusted to a millimetre's exactitude. The Pavilion (designed by Mallet-Stevens, and situated on the Champs de Mars, in front of the École Militaire) is said to be, outside and in, one of the most exciting and brilliantly conceived in the whole Exhibition

Working Left-Handed on a Section of the Vast Picture

The Passing Hour *(Continued from page 146)*

the squares remain green?" Leaving aside the other question of "when have the squares ever been green?", we have at last reached the perfect argument against the playing of Rugger. I have often produced arguments against the existence of that singular game, but this is far the best. Rugger makes a green field less green. My only trouble is that this also applies to the beautiful game of Soccer. However, let us forget that, and devote ourselves to the abolition of the railings, in spite of the Ass. whether Inc. or plain.

THE National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, which the King and Queen opened yesterday, is full of treasures. For instance, there is the comprehensive Macpherson collection of naval prints and drawings which Sir James Caird saved for the nation. There are also many Nelson relics, including his uniform and swords, and the portrait of Drake wearing the jewel which Queen Elizabeth gave him, and Lord Sandwich's collection of naval medals. It is a curious thing that a nation which owes its existence to its sailors should have waited so long before commemorating them in a national museum.

THE guests at the *Daily Mirror* Celebrity Party at the Dorchester on May 10th are an interesting and mixed crowd. They will include the Aga Khan, Lord Ashfield, Lord Austin, Mr. Billy Bennett, Mr. P. Ashley Cooper, Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Anna Neagle, Mr. Alexander Korda, Merle Oberon, Mr. A. P. Herbert, Dr. Voronov, and Jack Petersen.

A MEMORIAL exhibition of the works of Gilbert Holiday has been opened at the Sporting Gallery, 70, Jermyn Street. Holiday died recently from injuries which he got in an accident while out hunting—a form of death which he probably would have preferred to any other. He was passionately fond of horses, and almost all his pictures are of racing, polo, and hunting. During the war he served as a gunner, but in his earlier days he was an amateur driver in the Honourable Artillery Company. His pictures of guns and gun-teams remind one of the artist in Kipling's *The Light That Failed*. They are faultless in their technical details.

IT is five years, I think, since Mr. A. A. Milne last had a play in the West End, and so we will all go to see his new one, *Sarah Simple*, with more than ordinary interest. For the time has come when the theatre, like all the arts, has reached the "war gap." The men who would be forty are mostly dead and the younger generation has so far not produced more than half a dozen really promising playwrights. Mr. Milne is a craftsman, which is rare enough nowadays in anything, and his work is always beautifully polished. When *Sarah Simple* comes on at the Garrick, we shall see what the five years have done to him.

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS wrote the other day in "Standing By" about the celebrated Rat Club which was so-called because every single member ratted from every meeting. Last week, inspired by Mr. Lewis's paragraph, the ex-Rats arranged a great reunion lunch-party, from which it was assumed that everyone would rat as usual. Indeed, it was so universally assumed, that no one bothered to engage a table at any restaurant. To the general consternation, every single member of the fifteen ex-Rats turned up. There has been nothing like it since the old days of the Mermaid. By the time the luncheon was over, Fleet Street was in ruins, and the Salvage Corps was busy among the debris. All they could find was a quantity of brilliant cracks.

A FORTNIGHT ago I said a few words about the difficulties which professional humorists must find in competing with Government departments. Now the B.B.C. is entering the lists and is likely to prove a formidable competitor. A singing mouse has been discovered in Swansea, and it sings "like a nightingale." It is to be brought to the microphone in a bottle and its song will be broadcast.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lumley

Lawrence Roger Lumley, Governor-Designate of Bombay in succession to Lord Brabourne, is Lord Scarborough's nephew and heir. He sat for Kingston-upon-Hull from 1922-29, and for York since 1931, and has held five Parliamentary Private Secretaryships. He and Mrs. Lumley have five children

The French Opera at Covent Garden

This is a rehearsal picture of M. Jacques Rouche, the seventy-three-year-old director of the Paris Grand Opera and Opéra Comique, M. Philippe Gaubert, the conductor, and Mlle. Germaine Lubin, the prima-donna. Their contribution to the Coronation season of grand opera is Dukas' "Ariane et Barbe Bleue," which had a great reception last week despite Mlle. Lubin's attack of nose-bleeding

Festival Dinner for the Papworth Settlement

Lady Oxford and Asquith and Sir Patrick Hastings were photographed at the Grosvenor House dinner in aid of the Papworth Village Settlement, an organisation in which the Queen-Mother has always taken great interest. The Duke of Atholl was chairman of the festival dinner, the Duke of Kent presided

Here and There and Out of Doors

Sir James and Lady Jeans

Left: Sir James Jeans, the celebrated publicist for the extra-terrestrial universe, was photographed with his wife on their arrival from America. Lady Jeans is Viennese, was Susi Hock before their marriage in 1935

Lord and Lady Waleran

Have lately arrived back from their honeymoon round-the-world trip. They were married last September. Lady Waleran was Betty Emsley Carr, is Sir Emsley and Lady Carr's younger daughter

The Countess of Lincoln

Had just been trying on her Coronation dress in Berkeley Square. She is the attractive American wife of the Duke of Newcastle's only son

Lady Mary Dunn, Lady Stavordale, Lady Weymouth

Sat in the sun together in the Epsom paddock on City and Suburban day. Lady Mary Dunn was in dark blue with a white scarf and a white beret on the back of her head, Lady Stavordale wore black with emerald green on her hat and scarf, and Lady Weymouth had a purple suit with a light blue blouse and forget-me-nots on her hat

Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten

Lady Louis Mountbatten arrived back from Africa by the air-liner Castor, and was met at Southampton by Lord Louis Mountbatten and their elder daughter Patricia. She left England about two months ago after she had been ill. She now has her beautiful Brook House "penthouse" to come back to; it was barely finished before she went away

Mr. Ward and Miss Rachel Rothenstein

Alan Bassett Ward and Rachel Rothenstein were married at Hampstead Parish Church. He is the second son of the late T. W. Ward and Mrs. Ward, of Endcliffe Vale House, Sheffield; she is the elder of Sir William and Lady Rothenstein's two daughters

Capt. R. A. Collins and Miss Patricia Austin

Capt. Richard Collins, R.A., is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Collins, of 31, Lennox Gardens, S.W. Patricia Austin is the elder daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Austin, of Enmore, Barbados, and the Carlton Hotel, S.W. They were married at the Brompton Oratory

Mr. Evelyn Waugh

Evelyn Waugh, the younger Waugh's two novelist Herbert at the Church of Street. She is the late Hon. Aubrey Herbert

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

THOSE of you who know New York will remember "Gang-plank McLean," a genial, ruddy-faced young journalist, who meets the boats, welcomes arrivals, and gets the first news.

A young man whom we all know has conceived the same idea, and is going to Waterloo on Monday to greet the first big load of Coronation visitors who arrive that day on the Queen Mary.

He will be armed with a pocket full of visiting cards to distribute to any American friends he finds, inviting them to a cocktail-party he is giving that same evening by way of a welcome to London.

Overseas Entertaining

SEARCHING through the *Times* social diary for 1937, which this year takes up two pages of that journal one Monday morning, we were amazed to discover that during the week of the Coronation Festivities there is no mention of any private entertaining in honour of our Overseas visitors.

Now I hear that two popular members of the House of Commons are going to give a large cocktail-party for Dominions, Colonial, and possibly foreign visitors.

The two hosts are the boxing and Mount Everest Marquess of Clydesdale, and Major Despencer-Robertson, and they have taken a house in Curzon Street for the event, when they expect to entertain 500 guests.

Staying with "Doug.", Sr.

AMONG those departing on the Queen Mary's return voyage this week are Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Govett and the latter's small daughter, Miss Dupont.

They are off to America on a combined business (for him) pleasure (for her) trip which will last for nearly three months, some weeks of which they hope to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks.

Mrs. Govett is a chic young American who has become thoroughly acclimatised to London, and was looking extremely smart at the Ritz one day last week in a red fox jacket and black and white toque.

We find one hat of the season very diverting. It is a flat plain black straw of medium size, with a black ribbon reminiscent of school elastic worn under the chin. Lady Diana Duff-Cooper wears one straight on her head. Lady Milbanke is one of the very few people who can wear hers on the back of her head with complete success.

Gay Spring Suits

BOTH city and suburbanites turned out in full force for the big race at Epsom last Wednesday.

It is sad that Mr. Arthur Sainsbury has always been prevented by ill-health from seeing his magnificent horse, William of Valence, win, although Mrs. Sainsbury was there to lead the victor in.

Despite frequent showers, only occasional bursts of sunshine, and a biting wind, women wore gay spring suitings. Among them being Lady Dufferin and Ava in Parma-violet suède and a skull cap to match, Lady Weymouth, in dark purple with pale-blue facings, and a purple cap trimmed with forget-me-nots, and Lady Margaret Herbert wearing a silver-fox cape over a dark-blue suit and a becoming pill-box hat that resembled a herbaceous border.

Two Balls in One Night

Two Charity Balls on one evening might be a slight effort, but not one organised by the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage (ten thousand and three hundred pounds as the result of one night, as you all know by now!), and the High Spirit Gala Party held on the same date in aid of the Licensed Victuallers' Benevolent Institution.

Both functions were packed and noticeable for real gaiety and enthusiasm. Much of the success of the High Spirit Ball was due to the generosity and effort of Mr. Harry Horne, who as well as giving a large party himself, bought tickets for his friends, gave a handsome donation, and made the committee a present of Jack Hylton's band for the evening.

Lady O'Neill and the Lady Gloria Fisher, who are very young and new to the job of chairman, worked valiantly for the success they certainly achieved.

Everybody Helps

As for the Hon. Mrs. Gamage's great work, she stands alone in what she does and has done for years for the Infants' Hospital.

It takes a year to organise and arrange the gigantic function at which over £3000 was collected in cash at the Albert Hall last Wednesday night.

It is a tribute to the beauty and charm of manner of this great-hearted little lady, that all the workers in her scheme refuse to be paid for anything.

From the highest to the humblest they insist on doing their bit to help her.

Typically, Jack Harris played his violin for six hours, and an "overalled" workman when offered half a crown as a tip said, "Put it in the box for the kids' charity."

Where Russians Meet

THERE is no greater thrill than the reunion of ex-schoolgirls after their first taste of being "out." Co-debutantes Priscilla Fleitmann, the Anglo-American step-daughter of Mr. Geoffrey Toye, and Veronica Booker, whose mother is one of the best-looking women in London, were great friends during their finishing days at Princess Mestchersky's famous establishment in Paris.

The Princess herself is a wonderful old lady, and her house in the Villa de la Réunion is the meeting-place of all the Russian nobility still gathered together in that city.

When she escaped during the Revolution, one of the few people who came with her in her carriage was her chef, Gregoire, so that her pupils are accustomed to a cuisine that is beyond schoolgirl belief—bortsch, blinis, and pastries such as they will never meet again.

The Duchess of Kent and Lady Ratendone both went to her school.

Paris Parties—Grand Style

FASHIONABLE Paris spread itself to give the Athlones an attractive impression. Well-dressed Princess Alice and her husband stayed with the Granards, and had dinner-parties given for them in some of the beautiful houses which still abound in that most beautiful of cities. At Lady Granard's own dinner, Princess Alice wore lavender-blue organdie, with a rivière of diamonds and one or two stray diamonds in her silvery hair.

and Miss Herbert

of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur sons, married Laura the Assumption, Warwick youngest daughter of the and the Hon. Mrs. Herbert

Fayer of Vienna

The Hon. Harry McGowan and Miss Carmen Cory

The Hon. Harry McGowan, Lord and Lady McGowan's elder son, and Carmen Cory were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Herbert Cory and Elizabeth Lady Cory, of Coryton, Glamorgan

Mr. R. H. Calvert and Miss Monica Buxton

Robert Henry Calvert and Monica Buxton had a St. Peter's, Eaton Square, wedding. He is the younger son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. A. Calvert, of Broomells, Beare Green, Surrey, and she is the daughter of the late E. G. Buxton and Mrs. Buxton, of Horringer Court, Bury St. Edmunds

Princesse Edmond de Polignac (who brought an entire orchestra to London in November) gave another dinner-party followed of course by music. She is the patroness " par excellence " of modern composers and young musicians, having launched at least a score on their successful careers. Madeleine sang folk songs from many lands. The Scotch ones got an extra round from Queen Mary's brother—a tall, soldierly figure standing by his wife's chair.

Princesse Pierre d'Arenberg (née Mlle. de Gramont), whose sons are among St. Moritz's most sought after annuals, was a splendid figure when Princesse Murat entertained for H.R.H. and Lord Athlone. The Duc and Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld (he is the descendant of the famous cynic and moralist), Prince and Princesse d'Essling, the charming de Ganays, the racing Edouard de Rothschild, the American-born Comtesse de Casteja, and, in fact, the top of " Tout Paris " was there. The Murats having reigned over Naples in the day of the first Napoleon, their descendants' table was decorated with menu views of the Bay of Naples, specially created for the visit of English Royalty. As Regency England did not recognise Murat's kingship (mainly because Caroline Murat " Queen of Naples " was " Boney's " sister), the pretty bills of fare raised an ironic reflection.

Pleats and Hats

Mrs. Corrigan was also in Paris entertaining the Duchess of Marlborough at the Ritz. The Duchess lunched in a pleated dress (it 's bad news for ladies' maids that pleats are in, and must be kept so), with two little tigers near the neck. Mme. Paul (" Petit Parisien ") Dupuy sat that day with Hon. Lady Bingham who is Grace Lady Newborough's sister, and looks so like her. The " quartier Ritz," talks of nothing but Mme. Martinez de Hoz's new hat—a black straw which has two large pink satin bands framing her face, covering hair and ears, like a shawled Madonna. She looks exquisite beneath this edifice. Lady Mendl's amazon chapeau is clever too, trimmed with black cherries and just a few red ones in front for emphasis. " Esquire " should illustrate Elsie in her harvest festival, because American esquires are always complaining of the cherry shortage.

MISS PEEPS

Earl Beatty and Mrs. Dorothy Power Sands

Lord Beatty's wedding at the City of London Register Office, Guildhall, to Mrs. Dorothy Power Sands, was a quiet one. He is the second earl, son of the late Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty and the late Countess Beatty. The new Lady Beatty is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Power, of Virginia, U.S.A.

Mr. R. O. G. Gardner and Miss Huggins

Robert Oswald Guy Gardner, only son of the late Capt. R. O. Gardner and Mrs. Ashworth, of Summerlands, near Kendal, married Pamela Huggins at the Royal Hospital Church, Chelsea. She is Major and Mrs. Gilbert Huggins' daughter

May 19

"Bystander" Coronation No.

Two Shillings

A vivid souvenir of the great occasion, with many pages in colour, special articles and the best pictures of the ceremony and the procession.

The supply is limited — Order your copy in advance

The Old Carthusians' Sixth Win at Deal

Mr. John Beck, captain of the Charterhouse side at Deal, curtsied nicely as he took the Halford Hewitt Cup from the donor. The Old Carthusians beat the Old Lerpoolians by four games to one in the final, to win the Cup for the sixth time in all and the fourth successive time

A Brooklands Speed Model

The new concrete track at Brooklands was opened by Dame Ethel Locke-King, and afterwards Mr. S. F. Edge drove round in this model with which he set up a 24-hour record thirty years ago

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

SUMMER sport! How pleasant is the prospect, but how unpropitious the weather as I write. Rain, cold winds, rivers in flood, these are not the portents we seek with Lord's and Wimbledon, Henley and Ranelagh in mind.

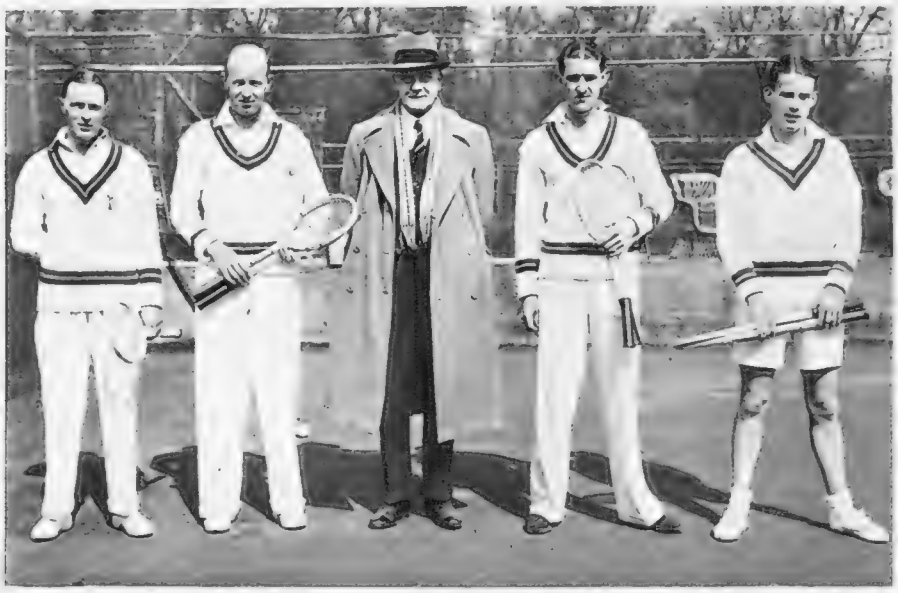
Even so, I am, as always, optimistic. The weather will mend. This Coronation summer will find the sun blazing down upon us. The tinkle of ice upon glass, gentle but persuasive, will soothe us in the heat of the day.

I have no reason for this categorical statement beyond the insubstantial reckonings of probability. I do not hope to establish the Marshall warm spells, as an offset to Dr. Buchan's cold periods. But the optimist was never a reasonable being. He merely enjoys prospective sunshine, knowing that nothing can rob him of the kindly pleasures of the imagination.

IN a few days cricket starts, with Commissioner W. Findlay and his henchmen travelling around, eagle-eyed, searching for the panacea which will restore the full glories and attractions of county cricket.

I do not like this talk of brighter cricket. I distrust it. Cricket is no slick, spectacular, smash-and-grab sport which can be Americanised and bally-hooed into popularity. The brighter cricket movement, mind you, is gathering strength. The columnists are backing it. The authorities are uneasy. The lesser counties are failing. All sorts of remedies

(*Concluded on page 168*)



The South African Davis Cup Team

The arrival of a Davis Cup side is a sure sign that summer sport is here again. The South Africans meet Holland in Amsterdam on April 30th, then go to Paris for the French Championships, finally to Wimbledon. Left to right are V. G. Kirby (Durban), Norman Farquharson (Johannesburg), J. B. Barker, captain and manager, Colin Eedes (Johannesburg) and Eustace Fannin (Natal)

Winner of the Fernie Hunt Cup

Mr. T. C. Vigors, who is with Miss Spiller,. won the members' race at the Fernie point-to-point on his Samson II., beating Mr. G. A. Murray-Smith's Printer's Error by eight lengths

Howard Coster, London

Howard Marshall—Commentator on the Coronation

He broadcast the commentary on the Duke and Duchess of Kent's wedding, and on the funeral of King George V. at Windsor, so his appointment to the microphone in Westminster Abbey is apropos. He has already broadcast on a number of subjects, from commentaries on test matches and big fights (e.g., the Farr-Baer mill ten days ago), to talks on housing, preservation of the countryside, and religion; his voice is known equally well on the Empire as the home network, and those whose acquaintance with him is only through those mature tones and their knowledgeable, humorous comments, are surprised when they hear he is only thirty-six. Haileybury and Oriel College, Oxford, a Rugger Blue and a reserve England cap launched him on his career, whose spare time is spent in writing and editing variegated books; he is the *Daily Telegraph* Rugger correspondent, and if you want an idea of his writing style, turn to page 168

Coronation Debutantes

Lenare

Miss Elizabeth Acland

Elizabeth Margaret Acland is the eldest of Sir William Henry Acland and Lady Acland's four daughters. Her father is the third baronet of the 1890 creation—a cadet branch of the Devonshire Aclands. Lady Acland is giving a dance with Mrs. Ivor Buxton on July 5th for Elizabeth Acland and Nancy Buxton

Catherine Bell

Miss Barbara Daniell

Barbara Daniell is Major and Mrs. John Daniell's debutante daughter. Her great grandfather was a page at the Coronation of George IV., so it is appropriate that Major Daniell should be a Gold Stick-in-Waiting on the 12th of next month. He and Mrs. Daniell live at 15, Elm Park Gardens

Lenare

Miss Doreen Henderson

Doreen Butler-Henderson is the Hon. Eric and Mrs. Henderson's younger daughter. Her father is Lord Faringdon's uncle and he and Mrs. Henderson have two country houses, Winwick Manor, near Rugby, and Fakkombe Manor, near Andover. Doreen Henderson is to have a dance at 96, Cheyne Walk, on June 9th

Marcus Adams

Miss Rosamond Joseph

Is a debutante from Cheshire, daughter of Captain Sir Francis and Lady Joseph. Her father is chairman and managing director of Settle, Speakman and Co., chairman of various Staffordshire collieries, and a director, amongst other things, of the L.M.S. Railway, and Rio Tinto, Ltd.

Vandyk

Miss Betty Crawford

Will be presented at Court by her mother, Lady Crawford. Her father, Sir William Crawford, K.B.E., is the advertising king, chairman and governing director of W. S. Crawford, Ltd., and they live at Heath House in Hampstead. Betty Crawford is to have a dance after her presentation

Fayer of Vienna

Lady Herbert Has Had a Daughter

Lady Herbert, to whom the birth of a daughter was announced last week, is the sister of the present Viceroy of India and the daughter of the first Marquess of Linlithgow. Her marriage in Westminster Abbey last July to the Earl and Countess of Pembroke's eldest son was a social event of 1936 : the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent were present, and the Duke of Kent was best man. Lord Herbert has been Equerry to H.R.H. since 1935, and Lady Herbert was made Lady in Waiting to the Duchess of Kent in 1934, when she was Lady Mary Hope. So it seems safe to forecast royal godparentage for the baby

"King Henry the Fifth"

The Coronation Play at the Old Vic

The King of England Receives a Gift of Tennis-Balls from His Cousin of France

(Exeter—Alec Guinness; Henry—Laurence Olivier; Canterbury—Harcourt Williams)

Left: the Mad French King Awaits England's Ambassadors

(The Dauphin—Stephen Murray; Duke of Burgundy—Leo Genn; Charles VI.—Harcourt Williams; Queen Isabel—Ailsa Grahame)

Peace After Agincourt: King Henry Takes a French Wife

(Henry—Laurence Olivier; Katherine, daughter of the King of France—Jessica Tandy)

Henry V., last
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Photographs by John Everard

play of the Old Vic season, has
heir Coronation production, and
r it is—nobly acted, excellently
ne Guthrie, and set in the rich
s of Motley decor and dresses.
r's Henry has the fire, the
mility that make him a perfect
r this pageant of history. Not
ve part of the whole is the
written by Herbert Menges,
or arranges the music for all
uctions. (The play is fully
our dramatic critic on page 132)

"O God of Battles! Steel My Soldiers' Hearts"

With the Services

The Army: No. 1. Little Guns and Bigger Guns

These are the first pictures of a series to be taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson. They will illustrate the life and work of the three Service arms. To-day's were taken at a Larkhill "show," mainly concerning artillery, from Lewis guns up to 90-pounders, but with other units taking part. Further pictures of the same demonstration, showing the heavier guns, will appear later

Safest End of a Machine Gun

Death's Work Done, They Are Dead

On the left is a machine-gun crew from the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, in support of an imaginary advance across Salisbury Plain

The rural scene on the right is of a mechanised gun crew on the move, first the caterpillar tractor, a handsome saloon sheltered from the rain or any other falling missiles, then the limber, and last, the tail with its sting

The Modern Gun Gallops into Action

The gun-position officer on the left is shouting orders to his field battery, two of whose guns can be seen beyond him. These orders are relayed by signallers from the battery commander, in this case up forward with an observation-post. The mounted Lewis gun on the right is one of two generally attached to each battery: the men detailed to its care have to take up positions near the big guns in a bush or other concealment if possible—and beat off attacking aircraft. The weapon fires in bursts of only five shots, however, as it is drum fed and not cooled

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

Films of the Day

Capra's Fairy Tales: By George Campbell

How shall I describe *Lost Horizon*? As the costliest fairy tale ever seen? As an illustration to Sir Thomas More? As jazzed-up Butler and Edward Bellamy (that solemn idealist whose Utopia included continuous verandahs to make umbrellas unnecessary), with a sense of humour? It could be discussed under all these heads, and in Germany probably will be, in the event of a film that teaches non-violence and good manners ever getting by the watchful eye of Dr. Goebbels. But on the whole it would be simpler to forget tendentious criticism and judge *Lost Horizon* simply as entertainment.

Let me say at once that it is one of the most magnificent melodramas ever made. The man who made *Dirigible*, *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*, *It Happened One Night*, and *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* is a master technician, and in *Lost Horizon* Mr. Capra carries the film of action and exciting movement as far as it has gone—with the possible exception of the chariot race in *Ben Hur*. The opening shots are full of harsh clamour and surging movement, and when the hangers have been fired to light the ground and the last 'plane takes off with a load of fugitives, pursued by Chinese machine-gunners in a car, you realise that even at this early stage in the story you have been sitting on the edge of your seat.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, to start on such a high note would simply be asking for anticlimax. Mr. Capra keeps the interest mounting all the time. There is a genuine thrill in the moment when the passengers notice that the 'plane is headed towards Tibet, and seek an explanation from the pilot, only to perceive through the glass a Mongol face they have never seen before; and Mr. Capra shows his ingenuity even in the prosaic process of refuelling. The 'plane sinks down into a valley surrounded by arid mountains, and comes to a stop alongside a Tibetan shack. Instantly a horde of excited nomads fill the air with their screeching while horsemen in fur caps gallop round and round on Mongol ponies. Even those who have never travelled in Central Asia will feel instinctively that this is the way local tribesmen would behave. The shots of the last phase of the flight over the mountains are quite devastatingly realistic and up to the crash, and the eerie silence that follows, the film is quite faultless, I think.

So far everything has been achieved by brilliance of technique. The creation of the paradise of Shangri-la is dependent on something even harder to come by—inspired writing; and there are times when it does not quite come off. The two long speeches put into the mouth of the Lhama may not hold everybody, despite the excellence of Sam Jaffe's acting, and the charm of Ronald Colman's singularly spiritual face. Mr. Hilton's philosophy is more effective when told indirectly—in the sequences showing the influence of Shangri-la on the pedantic palæontologist who happily goes back to lecturing, and the financier who finds peace again, and an object in life in planning the introduction of modern plumbing.

Do not go to *Lost Horizon* expecting absolute realism. Once start asking yourself how the works of art were carried undamaged across the mountains, how the armed and unscrupulous porters were kept out of a valley so inviting and full of gold, above all, how the grand piano got there, and there is no end to it.

As well inquire how the wolf came to deceive Red Ridinghood by his idiomatic English. *Lost Horizon* is a fairy story, too, and an extraordinarily interesting one, with the additional advantage of being marvellously effective melodrama. I didn't much care for the last ten or fifteen minutes, which seemed too long drawn out, but in all other respects the picture is one of the finest that 1937 has yet brought us—and likely to remain so. Ronald Colman gives the best performance of his life, except, perhaps, for his Sydney Carton in *A Tale of Two Cities*; Jane Wyatt is a pleasant change after the old familiar faces; and Edward Everett Horton is in great form as the prim palæontologist whom the absconder insists on calling "Lovey."

The other recent films—*That Girl from Paris* and *Banjo on My Knee*—are slick rather than distinguished; and a third, *Glamorous Night*, is neither. *That Girl from Paris* was heralded by the dispatch to film critics of an open postcard beginning "Cher Georges," or whatever the name might be, and signed "Kitti Monet," with vague suggestions of a Paris interlude in between. As if this assault on the reputation of a fine, upright body of men were not enough, a second communication, also open for the benefit of the office-boy, announced that the writer was in London and expected the addressee at the Carlton (cinema, not hotel) at the unromantic hour of 10.30 in the morning. By this time it should have been obvious to a mean intelligence that the thing was one of those 'cute publicity stunts, and Kitti Monet (her name turns out to be Nicki, by the way) is just the heroine of a film. But I'm not sure that my office-boy's intelligence is up to a mean standard, and to avoid misunderstandings in future, it might be as well (*a*) to send all publicity matter in a plain wrapper, or (*b*) to revert to the more conservative methods involving champagne and caviare, without suggestions of dalliance. We don't want Mae West compromised.

"Lost Horizon": by Capra Out of Hilton

Frank Capra's film of James Hilton's book, showing at the Tivoli, is reviewed on this page; it is a mixture of brilliant action shots, peaceful, grandiose scenic effects, with monologues and dialogues mixing fairy tale, poetry and philosophy (the last somewhat indigestible). Above are Ronald Colman and Jane Wyatt, on the right Colman again, John Howard, Edward Everett Horton, Thomas Mitchell, and Isabel Jewell

Second Night Audience at Covent Garden

Christine Lady Churchill and the Hon. Eileen Brougham went to hear the Dukas-Maeterlinck opera, "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," on its first performance in London last week. Miss Brougham, Lord Brougham and Vaux's sister, had got back from India a few days before

Café de Paris Extension Night

At the top are Miss Sheila McNamara and Lord Townshend laughing over Douglas Byng's good Queen Bess. Below are Lord and Lady Feversham. It will be a year next month since they were married in York Minster. Lady Feversham is Lord Halifax's only daughter; her husband has been Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture since last July, and answers all agricultural questions for the Government in the House of Lords

Music and Dancing

The High Spirit Ball and Its Chairmen

Below is Lady O'Neill buying a carnation from her debutante sister, Miss Mary Rose Charteris. Lady O'Neill was one joint-chairman of the Ball and the other was Lady Gloria Fisher, who is in the centre of the trio on the right, standing between Miss Peggy Leigh and Mrs. Gertrude Leigh. The High Spirit Ball, which was an enormous success every way, was in aid of the Licensed Victuallers' School and Benevolent Institution, and was held at Grosvenor House

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Halford Hewitt Cup

FOUR hundred and ninety players were entered for the Halford Hewitt Cup competition this year, and although two schools were forced to scratch, it was found quite impossible to complete the day's play in daylight on the Saturday. The last four schools to go out had to complete some of their matches on the Sunday morning.

Every year more and more schools are represented by really sound teams; this year all the following had a good chance of winning, when play started: Winchester, Tonbridge, Watson's, Harrow, Rugby, Eton, Marlborough, Shrewsbury and Malvern. I did not think that the Stoics had much chance of victory and feel sure that if the competition was played all over again that they would not be victorious. At the same time it is clear that in a very few years their team, if retained, bar ill-fortune must win. We have heard of cricket teams being saved by rain; the Stowe team this year was saved by darkness in their match against Eton. It is extremely doubtful if Eric Martin Smith and Gordon Dixon would have taken three putts, when two were required for victory, from a very short distance if they had been able to see properly.

I THOUGHT it unjust that the players in the unfinished matches on the Saturday should continue play the next morning from the first tee. For example, players who ceased play after the fifteenth hole, had to play the first three holes instead of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth. Players, who are down, have very much more chance of getting holes back at the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth holes than they have at the first, second and third. The first is an admirable hole to have to play when you are dormy, but a most unsatisfactory one when your opponents are in this condition.

AS they say in horse-racing circles, the Old Carthusians, nearly owned by Halford Hewitt, inefficiently trained by Ben Travers and effectively led by the husband of the Middlesex lady golf champion, won the cup for the fourth consecutive year by beating the Old Lerpoolians in the final by four matches to one. The Old Carthusians won in spite of the fact that they had to take the field without Pat White, probably their best golfer, and Lionel Burdon Sanderson, probably the best match player of a side of great match players. Their lady member, Dame Fortune, played even better than she had in 1934, 1935 and 1936 and in all these years, she has played her part admirably.

On the Saturday night there must have been many who thought that the selectors of the Old Carthusians team had made a grave error in recalling from retirement C. V. L. Hooman. The golf on the Sunday, however, proved, without any question, how right they had been. In the top match against Harrow on the Sunday morning, in which every player except Birman Number One, Lt.-Col. J. T. etc. Brabazon, had represented Great Britain in Walker Cup matches, Hooman played the best golf of the four, and in the afternoon he outplayed John Langley, when playing shot for shot against him.

The last two Carthusian pairs came through the meeting without defeat, actually their fourth pair, Eric Prain and Gerry Weare, has yet to be beaten in Halford Hewitt Cup matches.

TO win this cup a team must have a bit of luck as it cannot expect to get through without having at least one

(Concluded on page 164)

W. S. Hayes and R. M. Evans (Old Lerpoolians) lost to Bourn and Middleton (Old Carthusians) by 7 and 6 in the final

The only Lerpoolians to beat their Carthusian opponents in the final at Deal were I. de Wynter and I. S. Thomas

T. Whittaker and Eric Martin Smith (Old Etonians) are with D. L. Wallers (Lancing Old Boys); the former side beat the latter by four games to one

J. A. Kempton is a Bedfordian, John Langley a Stoic; the latter's side reached the semi-final to lose to the Old Carthusians by four games to none

F. Noble and H. Goodwin (Old Rossallians) won their match against the Old Bedfordians in the first round, but the side lost by three games to two

you are
last to arrive
and
you're
feeling
rather
a "stranger".

how
you bless
that
young man
who
so thoughtfully
gives you
a cigarette . .

which immediately
makes
you feel
so much
more
at home.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf *(Continued from page 162)*

G. Aslett (Old Cliftonians) is with Anthony Duncan. The latter's side, the Old Rugbeians, lost to the Old Etonians in the second round

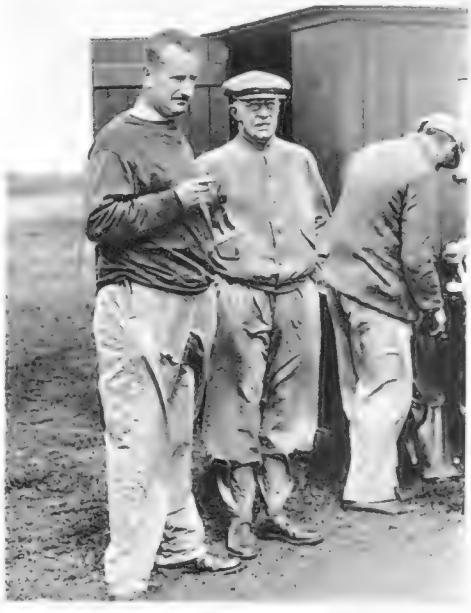
very narrow escape. The Carthusians this year had their lucky escape against Winchester in the second round. Winchester had discarded many of the old guard and had very wisely taken the view that it is better to play fairly good golfers, who may win, than to play really good golfers, who always lose, or, in other words, men who go round in about eighty and win rather than men who go round in about seventy and lose.

Dale Bourn and Cecil Middleton received no censure for tossing their match against Winchester away after being four up, but instead got many pats on the back for winning it at the fifth extra hole. This was one of the most exciting ties anyone can wish to see. Charterhouse appeared beaten for certain on no less than four occasions, but was saved in the nick of time by good putts by Bourn at the eighteenth and nineteenth, by a chip over the bank at the third put stone dead, also by Bourn and by a very weak chip by Micklem at the fourth. Charterhouse finally won this match on the twenty-third green, which no one on earth could reach in two shots under the conditions prevailing at the time, by holing a putt of about two yards for a four.

The golf at the end of this match was extremely good and some wonderful shots were played. I never wish to see a better shot than Middleton's pitch at the fourth extra hole, played off ground resembling soft cheese. During the extra holes Middleton looked to me the best and also the coolest player of the four.

When the selectors of our international teams next meet and Middleton's name comes up, no doubt one of them will say, " Who is Middleton ? I have never heard of him," and he will not be trying to be funny like a judge, when he remarks, " Who is George Robey ? " or " Who is Halford Hewitt ? "

Here are two Old Etonians, G. D. Hannay and J. S. T. Hawke ; their side lost to the Stoics in the third round by three games to two



Major Barclay-Brown and J. H. Peebles are two of the Old Cliftonians whose side lost to the Old Rugbeians in the first round

THE Old Lerpoolians, who come from Liverpool College, put up, like the Old Watsonians in 1934, a really wonderful show by reaching the final on their first appearance at Deal. It is true that they were in the easier half of the draw, but nevertheless they had to fight hard and to play extremely well to gain their place in the final. They are a young side, and although all of them, except Ivor Thomas, are inexperienced as golfers, no one would have realised this fact by watching them play in the final. They all seemed to hit their drives miles and to putt like demons or angels according to whether you were for them or against them.

TO win this cup four times running is an astounding feat, which I am sure will never be repeated in my lifetime. There are many better golfers than those who represent Charterhouse, but there are very few better foursome combinations. Heil Hewitt.

R. E. Frearson and R. A. Howell (Eastbournians) beat Shepherd and Wheaton (Old Citizens) in the first round match which the Eastbournians won

J. Gibson and Captain J. R. A. Stroyan played for the Old Reptonians, who were beaten four games to one in the first round by the Harrovians

J. Inches (Old Watsonians) and A. N. Reid (Old Epsomians) represent first-round opponents ; the Watsonians were victorious by five games to one

This England . . .

"Old Harry"—near Swanage

IN little ships upon great waters Drake and his kind learnt their seamanship; and still do tiny English tramps go *"coastwise—cross-seas—round the world and back again"* in order that the tides of our business may flow smoothly. Tradition rules the Merchant Marine as in all things the English do well, even to the brewing of their beer. A tradition older than Drake indeed, governs the brewing of your Worthington, a beer favoured by merchant and mariner alike.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

Sidelights on the Halford Hewitt Cup: By H. H. Harris

Hail! Smiling (J. S. C.) Maughan

Francis Francis blows in!

A. G. N. Robinson out-swaggering "the Hartleys"

T. E. Cunningham out taking the air

Sir William Worthington-Evans leaning back on "one"

Halford Hewitt at the famous twenty-third

Stanley Anderson and Gerard Fairlie congratulating each other on being authors

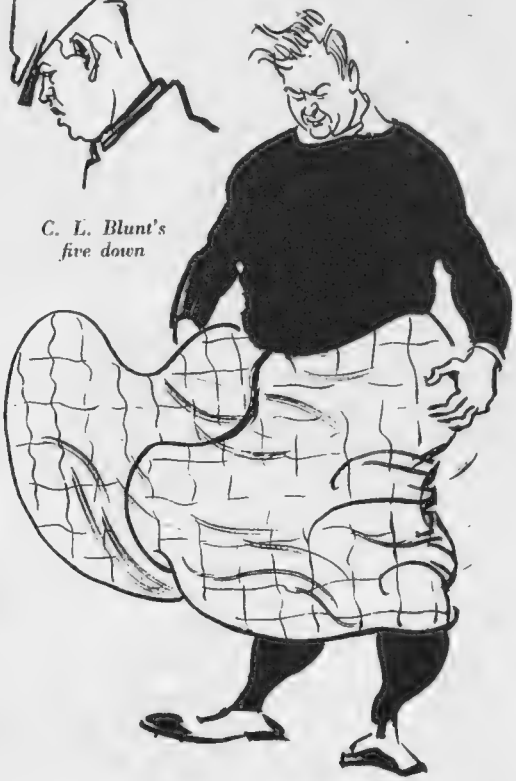
John Beck's hat registering joy!

C. L. Blunt's five down

Alan Cave with his stick and sticks

Dale Bourn looking towards the nineteenth but going to the twenty-third

Peter Miller loses his "perm"



Roland Usher with his plus and plus-plus-fours

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

APRIL 2ND This morning comes word by telephone from my brother-in-law James that he hath procured us three fine seats to watch the Procession. Which I had abandoned hope of seeing, with places at fifteen guineas and suchlike rascally prices. So at luncheon I met with James and drank to Their Majesties' health. And methinks the Coronation giveth all men (and not a few women) a handsome excuse for drinking healths to the King and His Queen. In which pleasure, I admit, I have freely joined, but tempered my Whiskies and Gins with abundance of Schweppes Soda and Schweppes Tonic Water. For I find that your Schweppes doth soften the rawness of your spirit without extinguishing its fire, and doth add a twinkle and blitheness of its own.

BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

Summer Sport *(Continued from page 152)*

have been suggested, from easier qualification rules which would bring more amateurs into the game to larger stumps and smaller bats and a further amendment of the l.b.w. law, making the batsman vulnerable to the turning ball outside the leg-stump.

My own view is that very little tinkering with the game itself is either necessary or practicable. It would be possible to turn cricket into a glorified tip-and-run, but then it would cease to be cricket. Either we are to retain the game as we understand it, or we are to evolve a new game altogether which will compete with speedway racing and the other attractions which draw the crowds. And I, for one, would rather cricket died a natural death.

Keep only the best sides in the County Championship, cater more efficiently for the spectator, play plenty of representative matches, and cricket will flourish again. There are always plenty of decent folk who like to spend a few hours in the sun, watching a game which moves so perfectly to the summer rhythm, a game of beauty and subtlety and character.

I am glad, by the way, that the cricket Selectors have co-opted Mr. E. R. T. Holmes, for the experience of a contemporary player—one, moreover, who has had recent experience of conditions in Australia and New Zealand—will surely be helpful

Then lawn tennis looms ahead, with the Coronation Wimbledon as the peak of the year. With special significance we may link the meeting with the Coronation, for King George VI. is the only English monarch who has ever played in the championships. He won the Air Force Doubles with Sir Louis Greig, and he and his partner had a close fight at Wimbledon with such redoubtable opponents as the late A. W. Gore and H. Roper Barrett.

We shall miss F. J. Perry, the reigning champion, at Wimbledon this year, but it will be a nice problem to prophecy his probable successor. These are early days, perhaps, but Donald Budge, of America, would be a good bet, though I fancy the favourite will be G. von Cramm, the German, a beautiful player, and runner-up for the last two years.

We may still hope that H. W. Austin will survive the heat and strain of battle, and come into his own, but the opposition will be formidable. How about the resilient "Bitsey" Grant, that diminutive but irrepressible American, or A. K. Quist, of Australia, or B. Destremau, of France? And there is a Japanese candidate who must not be forgotten—J. Yamagishi, a player worth watching.

Actually, this will be an experimental summer in the lawn tennis world. There is the "Rabbits' Charter," for instance, as the new system of handicapping recently approved by the L.T.A. has been christened, and it should be helpful at the smaller tournaments, even if there are difficulties to be worked out in practice.

Then, to switch the subject suddenly, I hear formidable accounts of Mr. Harold S. Vanderbilt's new yacht, the Ranger, which is to defend the America's Cup against Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's new challenger, Endeavour II. The experts have the highest hopes of Ranger's performance, though doubtless Mr. Sopwith, whose yacht crosses the Atlantic very soon, is not exactly pessimistic.

Mr. Gerald Lambert, incidentally, is not altogether sure that the Ranger will defend the Cup. He has re-rigged Yankee, and there will be some sharp competition before the great race itself comes off.

Cricket, lawn tennis, yachting, rowing, polo, fishing—what riches the summer has in store for us! And, as a final reflection, I am told that the American Ryder Cup team, with Walter Hagen as non-playing captain, is the strongest ever to challenge us. And now I have left out boxing—but more of that next week.

Public Schools Rackets Champions

N. W. Beeson and P. D. Manners, representing Malvern, beat Tonbridge 4—3 in the finals to win the Championship for the sixth time since inception in 1868, and the second consecutive time. If they bring off the hat-trick the trophy becomes their property (so far, only accomplished by Harrow). Desmond Manners, the first string, is also Malvern's cricket captain

After Easter Ski-ing

The Marchioness of Londonderry has been at Obergürgl in the Tyrol with Lady Mairi Stewart, youngest of her four daughters. The latter has been taking energetic ski instruction and they are here seen with the coach

Mr. McKelvie and Miss McOstrich

Alex McOstrich was playing in the King of Sweden Cup meeting at Epsom, won by Mr. Asthalter and Miss N. B. Browne. She is with her fiancé, Roy McKelvie, Dr. and Mrs. J. D. McKelvie's eldest son

M. and Mme. Leopold de Borman

The Belgian Davis Cup player, Chevalier Paul de Borman's son, is honeymooning over here, spending a fortnight in London playing tennis and showing the city to his wife; she was Mlle. Georgette de Thoran

Fashion as it flies . . .

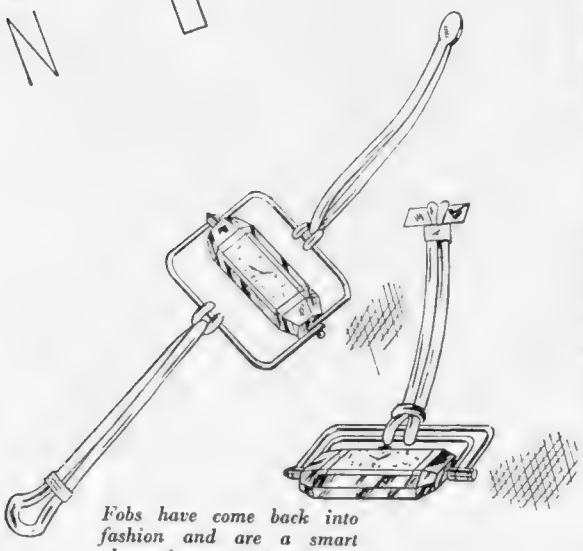
by Elizabeth

Alexander

Garden parties are a delightful form of entertainment during the summer months, while their open-air setting is an ideal background for lovely clothes. Provided the sun is shining, nothing looks more charming than the traditional picture-frock with a full skirt which barely clears the ground, and huge puff sleeves. This is sometimes cut in the shape of a redingote which opens over a contrasting slip, and blows back as the wearer moves. A graceful dress for the young debutante is pictured on this page, and may be seen in the stock size salons at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. It is carried out in navy blue matt crêpe and costs 7½ guineas. Crisp white organdie is used for the wide hem, short sleeves, peaked at the shoulders, and neat collar, while the sunshade repeats the colour scheme

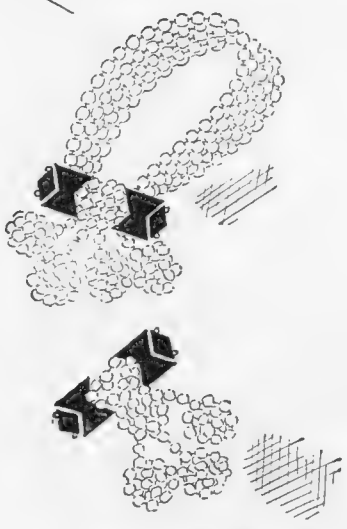
Cavalcade On The Courts

It is interesting to recall the fashions of the early '80's and to reflect that in those days tennis was in its infancy. The "panier" and "bustle" made their appearance in 1881, and women clad in flowing robes which protruded from behind met daily for tea and a quiet "pat-a-ball" game. Running was out of the question, as they wore heavily boned bodices which had a very restraining effect, besides long sleeves and high, stiff collars. This continued for some years until gradually a tennis dress which could be worn without a "bustle" was introduced. It was made in heavy white drill or piqué and cut with a ground-length skirt, starched collar and leg o' mutton sleeves. A straw "boater" trimmed with petersham helped to preserve an air of dignity and picked up the colour of the tie and belt. This style of dress with a few changes continued until Suzanne Lenglen appeared at Wimbledon in 1919 wearing a knee-length frock with short sleeves and a soft collar. The obvious comfort and advantages of such a dress were undeniable, and designers decided to produce something even more startling. Some years ago, Lillywhite's, Piccadilly Circus, launched a garment known as "skirt shorts" which proved a great success and has since gained tremendous popularity. This development in sports clothes is illustrated in an interesting display of old and new fashions which Lillywhite's are preparing to celebrate the opening of their sister store at 90-94, Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, on Monday next, May 3. This is an exact duplicate in every respect of their other shop, and affords the same excellent service. Typical of Spring 1937 are the "skirt shorts" on the left in white linen for a guinea. They are accompanied by a finely-woven wool shirt with contrasting collar and cuffs for 18s. 6d. A dress with knife pleats is sketched on the right in white Tricoline. The collar, tie, and pockets are finely tucked in Vandyke design and the price is 37s. 6d.



Fobs have come back into fashion and are a smart alternative to a button-hole with a tailored suit. The watch pictured above in 18-carat gold comes from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, and with the addition of a second strap, may also be worn on the wrist

Masks hanging on the walls are the rage just now in interior decoration, and sketched above is a hand-painted brooch which repeats the idea. It is made of porcelain, vividly coloured, and costs 5s. 6d. at the Galeries Lafayette, 190, Regent Street



Delightful accessories in the way of bangles and necklaces to wear with summer frocks may be seen at the Galeries Lafayette. The group above consists of small wooden beads threaded in chains and brightly coloured. Both the bracelet and clip are sold separately and cost 5s. 11d. each

Binoculars in the shape of spectacles are ideal for the theatre, cinema, or watching near sports such as tennis or polo. They are easily adjusted to suit any vision and cost 50s. at Meyrowitz, 157, Regent Street, who recommend them for the Coronation

Everyone in need of a new watch should visit the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, who are showing a beautiful collection. Two new designs are shown above, the wrist model in diamond-cut 18-carat gold, has small crystal links, while the other, in stainless steel, is designed for a man

"Be prepared" is a sound motto at this time of year when April showers come and go with lightning rapidity. Pictured on the right is a coloured oil silk raincoat which can be carried like a bag in a neat case, and weighs practically nothing. It only costs 18s. 11d., and may be seen at the Galeries Lafayette

A Passenger Reflects

The Snow-Capped Alps at Breakfast-Time—London Fog for Tea

By Oliver K. Whiting

The first officer of the "Cambria" at the controls. This flying-boat carried out the initial survey on the West Coast of Ireland, a base on the River Shannon being chosen for flights to America

An out-size in wheels for the Armstrong-Whitworth "Ensign." A fleet of this type is being built at Hamble for Imperial Airways; forty passengers at 180 miles an hour is the designed performance

WHY anyone should travel by train if they can fly, I can't imagine. Of course, if they have heavy luggage, or an affection for draughty quay sides, customs troubles and the Channel crossing, there is something to be said for the ship and train. But the majority of Englishmen want to get to their Continental destination, with as little fuss and waste of time as possible—once they have become accustomed to the air, they will be reluctant to use any other method.

The only practical reason, it seems to me, for remaining earthbound, is the cost of taking to the air, but when you come to work it out, there is surprisingly little in it. Take the trip from Switzerland as a typical example of what I mean. For several years I have been going to the winter sports by train and boat. In January it is not a comfortable journey: the trains are usually crowded—I have known as many as eight in a compartment; two slept on the floor, and one in the rack—and often there are six or over. It involves a winter Channel crossing and an all-night journey in the train. This is preceded by a dinner, when one nearly always seems to get put on the last of the three sittings, an incredible number of jolts and bumps during the night, equalled only by the frequent visits of guards, ticket-collectors, customs officials, and general factotums of the line. Each of whom politely wakes you to examine your credentials, before passing on in a cloud of garlic, further down the train.

THE whole journey to Interlaken takes, as a rule, twenty-two hours by train, and costs £7 9s. 8d. By air, Croydon to Zurich can be covered in two and a half hours with a favourable wind, and Interlaken is reached four hours later by Swiss electric railway. It costs £8 11s. or, should one be going to St. Moritz, the difference is still more striking, as it is possible to fly from Zurich and land on the lake in three-quarters of an hour; or under four hours after leaving London. And so this year I decided to return from Zurich by air. The 'planes in daily use are fourteen-seater Douglas monoplanes, and carry a pilot, wireless operator, and hostess.

I WAS particularly privileged, in that I was allowed to travel actually with the pilot in his control cabin in the foremost part of the "ship." He explained to me the way in which the navigational equipment was used. For nine-tenths of the journey, the machine is under the control of the automatic pilot. I won't attempt to explain it, but this is how it works. The "ship" is set on her compass course, with correct bearing for Croydon, and the automatic pilot takes over entire control; this leaves the actual pilot free—both hands and feet—and he can make up his log, weather report, or concentrate on navigational matters.

TO avoid the French prohibited area, we made for a point south of Belfort, and here we turned into a direct line with Croydon, Heston and the Droitwich Broadcasting Station, and so it is that the ordinary Droitwich programme is used as a wireless beam along which these 'planes fly daily, a beam which can guide them through the thickest blanket of fog, safely to the airport at Croydon. The day I arrived, for instance, we were steered down the beam of a football commentary—the Rugger International; perhaps you were listening too. Since then I have found added interest in the afternoon broadcasts from the B.B.C. Seated at home by the fireside, it is very wonderful to realise that the concert to which we may be casually listening, is itself forming an invisible, but perfectly defined highway, along which some liner of the air will be steered safely through cloud and fog to London.

THE automatic pilot can also be used to turn the machine on to its new course. When we passed over Belfort, which was completely obscured by cloud, our exact position was indicated by a wireless marker beacon on the ground, which caused a red light to flash on the control board, and a continuous crackle in the ear-phones. All the pilot had to do was to turn a knob on the automatic compass, till it showed three hundred and twenty degrees, which is the correct bearing for Croydon, and gently the great "ship" banked, and turned itself into the right direction.

I FOUND it a little cold in the pilot's cockpit, so I returned for a time to the warmth and quiet of the air-conditioned cabin. Two of the passengers were asleep, but most of them were writing letters or reading the paper. For my part I had coffee and sandwiches, daintily served by the hostess, and there I stayed until we approached the English Channel. Before I go further, I must tell you how glorious it is to fly above

(Concluded on page 174)

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Stuarts

Hundreds of glistening white peaks lay below our wings—Typical scenery on the "Swissair" route described by the author of this article. The liner is an American "Douglas"

"Flight"

"Canopus" makes a perfect landing on Southampton Water, after a non-stop flight from Egypt. The success of the Empire class flying-boat, built by Short Brothers of Rochester, is assured

(Continued from page 172)

the clouds. When we started out from Zurich, it was a dull, rainy day. At five thousand feet we were enveloped in a thick blanket of white cloud, which made it impossible even to see our own wing-tips, but presently we emerged into brilliant sunshine, and looked down on to a dazzling white sea of cotton-wool clouds. Great irregular peaks and valleys of glistening cloud, it was a glorious sight, like the snow-covered Alps we had left behind. Here and there, the clouds would part a little, and in the gap between them we could see away down twelve thousand feet below us the River Rhine and the city of Basle, like a map painted on canvas. So the next time you look up at one of our leaden skies, it may cheer you to remember what a really lovely thing that blanket of cloud becomes when you look at it from above.

We crossed the coast eight thousand feet above Dungeness, and began a gradual descent. The wireless operator wound in the trailing aerial, reported to Croydon our position, and when we should arrive. And so we continued down the beam till the outer beacon flashed on dash and earphones, indicating out position two and a half miles from the aerodrome. By this time the operator had pumped down our landing-wheels, and we crossed the last beacon with a loud series of earphone signals and flashing of light, at eight hundred feet — the correct entry height for Croydon.

And how 's this for speed and comfort? My friends left Wengen at 6.30 the night before, and spent the night on the train. I left the following morning after breakfast, and caught the 'plane at Zurich at 2 o'clock. By this time they had only reached Boulogne, and we both arrived in London together. I should have been there before them, were it not for the fact that it took forty-five minutes to get from Croydon to Victoria. It seems absurd when you think of it, I had covered just 520 miles in two and a half hours—over two hundred miles an hour—and yet the last seven miles were to take nearly three-quarters of an hour. That 's the problem which confronts London to-day, and sooner or later it must be faced.

It seems to me a reasonably simple solution to build an arterial road over the existing railway line, as they have done in New York, out to their airport. Such a road would be free from all cross roads, and have a minimum speed limit of say, forty miles per hour. It could be built with comparatively little disturbance to existing property, and would serve the dual purpose of fast traffic for the airport, and bring London an hour nearer to the sea. Surely anyone would be glad to build it if allowed to collect a toll from vehicles carried. As an investment I recommend it to the consideration of the Southern Railway. As a national necessity I urge the Minister of Transport to give it his attention. For the speeding of through traffic, and the easing of the terrible congestion on London's southern exit, are matters which gravely concern every member of the community.

With regard to traffic at the airport, the delay at the terminals is of less importance when the journey has been a long one, such as any of the Empire routes, but it becomes a matter of vital concern on short journeys, such as London-Brussels or London-Paris, where the total flying time is less than the time occupied in reaching the airports at each end. New York found her solution in the aerial road, or skyway, to which I have already referred, and ultimately it may be we shall do the same, but whatever inconvenience one may experience in reaching Croydon, it is far outweighed by the comfort and interest of a journey by air.

Seasoned air travellers will agree that "Heracles" is the most comfortable aeroplane they have ever flown in, to date. Eight of this type have logged 5,000,000 miles for Imperial Airways

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The Light 'Plane To-day

Ten Years of Progress

By F. D. Bradbrooke *

"Flight"

The "Aeronca," a miniature cabin for two with seats side by side, which has proved its worth as a light tourer or for cheap training. There is an Aeronca school at Hanworth

NOT very long ago, I came back to England in one light aeroplane in company with three others. All had made an 8000-mile journey to Southern Egypt and back. Doubtless the facts might so be presented as to fake up a triumph for the modern light aeroplane, or for some particular type. Actually, none was specially modern, and we differed each from each so utterly as to be laughable.

ONE was a Moth, and while we are on the subject of decades and things, we may recall that the first Moth appeared ten years ago, and that this one differed from it in little but its six-year-old Gipsy II. engine. It was flown by two young women. Another was a B.A. Swallow with a Pobjoy engine, both of which had been developed, but not radically changed, from their prototypes of about nine years ago. The crew was mixed, and remarkable for mature commonsense. . . Yes, I was on board this one. The third was a Hornet Moth with two young men up. We may call this a four-year-old design. The fourth was a Hillson Praga, with a foreign two-cylinder engine of 36 h.p. and one male occupant. This was actually the most recent of all.

Interior view of a private owner's "Rapide," recently delivered by de Havillands. One of the seats is convertible into a couch

Here, then, was all the necessary material for faddists who favour ancient or modern, high-wings, low-wings, or biplanes, open cockpits in tandem, or side-by-side cabins, in-line engines, upright or inverted, radials or opposed twins, 18 or 65 h.p. per person, male or female or mixed crews. In point of fact, all of them crossed mountains, seas, and deserts in a variety of weathers from sand-storms to snow, sometimes alone and sometimes in company, but always without anything like dangerous trouble. From this I conclude that, though the modern light aeroplane may represent a great and admirable decade of progress, its predecessors were by no means contemptible. The most important feature has been the consolidation of a very good start towards general reliability, besides which, other things seem minor matters to the air traveller hundreds of miles from home. But British light aeroplanes have always been rather good at getting there, and the customer is inclined to take this for granted, and look for a lot more. A great deal of work, thought and money has been put into satisfying him.

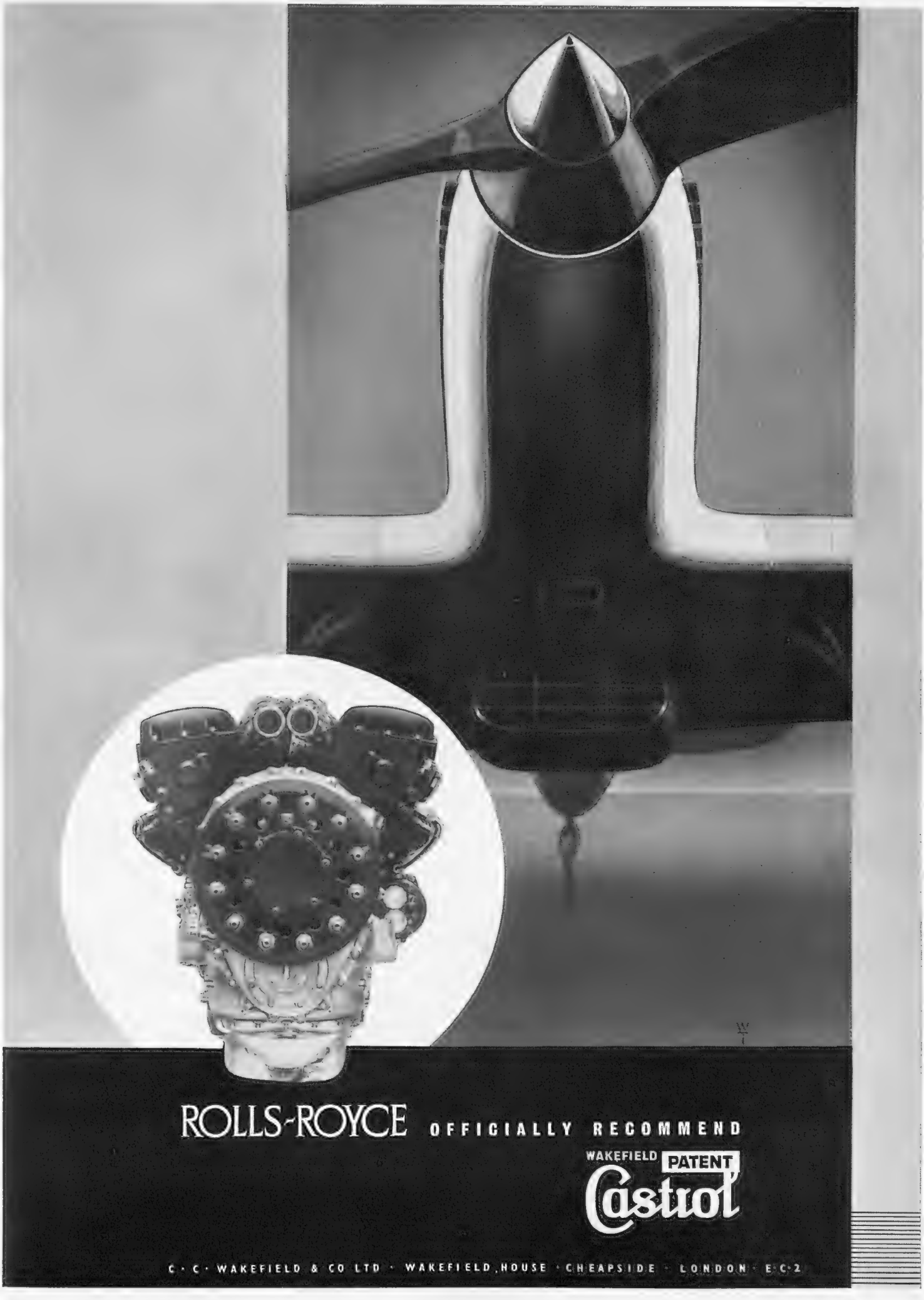
A "LIGHT" aeroplane is so difficult to define that I have no intention of trying. Aeroplanes which cannot be called heavy sometimes seat three people, and of late years the most striking advances have probably been in the class represented by the Percival Gull and the Miles Falcon, which take their three occupants for hundreds of miles non-stop at 150 m.p.h. or more, on 200 h.p. In efficiency and price, these far outclass anything which was in sight ten years ago, but they are really outside the true light class. The merits of the monoplane, first seriously exploited in the D.H. Puss Moth eight years ago, were also used to great advantage by those who favoured the low-wing formula. Captain Edgar Percival was a leader in this, and Mr. F. G. Miles hit off so sound a basic design with his Hawk in 1933, that a gush of closely related types from the Phillips and Powis shops achieved remarkable success. The British Aircraft Company started with the German Klemm low-wing designs and developed from them; and when one sees how easily their little Swallow holds its own against newcomers in its class, the story springs to mind of the darky gentleman in retreat from a bombardment: "*Ah* wuzn't hurryin', but Ah *did* done pass several what wuz." The most significant piece of progress in light aeroplane design in the decade is certainly the adoption of trailing-edge flaps. Actually these came into England by way of the light aeroplane, when Mr. Miles put them on his Hawk. They are a simple and most effective addition to fast, clean, flat-gliding aeroplanes to impart some of the inefficiency which older types came by naturally, and were therefore easier to bring in and land. Nowadays, even a light aeroplane with any pretensions to speed must follow this fashion for purely practical reasons.

APART from a considerable improvement in engines, unfortunately allied to an incurable growth in power, there have been no other fundamental factors of real importance to the small fry. Neither retractile undercarriages nor variable-pitch airscrews are likely to justify their extra complication and expense in the amateur field for some time, although both will be increasingly used in racing. The general swing towards cabins as opposed to open cockpits is inevitable, and is also Progress, in spite of the truculent hardihood of some incorrigibly sporting spirits. Helmets, goggles, red faces, air-cooled torsos and unmaneageable maps can be remembered with less regret than endured. A significant thought occurs to me in passing: I have sometimes been glad to wear a helmet in a cabin which was not sound-proofed. Also that cabin-designers should remember more generally that an opening panel, properly placed, is not a luxury, but a necessity. Side-by-side cabins are gaining ground fast, which is progress or not, according to taste, but almost certainly the former. The D.H. Hornet Moth started the fashion, and even the two-cylinder class, such as the Aeronca and the Hillson Praga, have their side-by-side cabins now. The latest is the luxurious Miles Whitney Straight, which also has the most modern refinement of vacuum-operated flaps, and a turn of speed which rounds out a genuinely progressive article. Side-by-side cabins also appear in a new class which seems likely to have an important future: the light twin. The Richmond-Hordern Autoplane, and the Carden-Baynes Bee, each have two engines of about 40 h.p. apiece.

THE theory of multiple engines—that if one fails a forced landing is not inevitable or immediate—has been accepted in air transport for some years, but has never before been seriously applied to light craft. There are drawbacks, in extra complication, and some loss of efficiency, but the added security should be ample compensation. Even more important, this may be the beginning of really cheaper flying. Given assured flight on one engine, which is not a

(*Concluded on page 178*)

Personalities at Heston, London's airport on the Great West Road. From l. to r.: Mr. Nigel Norman, a director of the airport; Lord Swinton, Secretary of State for Air; Sir Francis Shelmerdine, who is Director-General of Civil Aviation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(Continued from page 176)

hard condition to an up-to-date designer, many a pilot will prefer two fair-to-middling engines to one really good one. Extreme reliability is very expensive, and can never be complete, whereas fair reliability is built into the cheapest modern motor-car. Two cheap engines should therefore give about equal security with one of twice the power, and nearly four times the total price. The outcome should be worth watching.

And what of the ultra-light class? Candidly, this is a department in which there is more progress to suggest than to report, particularly as full-scale experiments are relatively so cheap. Undoubtedly the Tipsy is an advance on the D.H. 53, but scarcely so much so as even a pessimist might expect in fourteen years. The Anec, the Wee Bee, and—by no means least in significance if in size—Mr. W. O. Manning's Wren, set a standard in 1923 or thereabouts which has yet to be surpassed. Two or three factors stand out in explanation, and they follow in natural order. Primarily, the single-seater has no "flapper-bracket." The disastrous repercussion on the potential market of this simple fact largely explains the lack of suitable low-powered engines, and the failure to tackle the problem radically. Only the last remark needs amplification. Just as light aeroplanes still bear the Service stamp, so ultra-light aeroplanes tend to remain depressingly like under-powered little copies of their betters. From this point of view, at least, I regret the fate of original and ingenious Pou du Ciel, which had many features worth reproducing in a safer machine. The 25-h.p. aeroplane cannot be fast, and must therefore turn for its appeal to something else. A machine which was safely and reasonably independent of aerodromes could afford to be casual about performance. After all, no one expects feats of long-distance prowess from what M. Mignet calls "rabbit-power," and the ability to visit friends by way of their back gardens—figuratively only, please!—and enjoy still more physical security in one's modest travels, would steal a march on almost any flying machine now offered. In all this, cheapness is pre-supposed, and as an example the B.A.C. Drone, at about £265, still conforms as nearly as anything yet to the requirements mentioned. While on the topic of "progress which might have been," the engine-starting problem persists. Electric starters work tolerably well, but nine owners out of ten prefer to save the weight and money for petrol.

F. G. Miles and his wife, who share the design work at Reading, with "Tommy" Rose, the famous pilot

The Miles "Mohawk," built by Phillips and Powis for Colonel Charles Lindbergh, who is seen at the controls. Our cover in colour is a reproduction of this picture

Meanwhile the community most urgently interested in a sound and more economical light aeroplane is that of the flying clubs. They have been the hub and centre of the light aeroplane movement for the past ten years, some helped by subsidy, some by private benefactions, and many by neither. There are about 15,000 members in the sixty-two clubs of Great Britain, and between them they flew some 70,000 hours last year on light aeroplanes. Most of those hours were done on Moths. That type ran away with the show when the club system was born a decade ago, and started a career of almost exclusive popularity such as no one type will ever enjoy again. It is no longer built, and yet not really superseded—an astonishing and not quite satisfactory situation after ten years. The clubs await the perfect modern trainer, and I shall perhaps be better able to comment on it in another ten years.

* The author is assistant editor of *The Aeroplane*.

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In the Air To-day

The Flying Boat Circles the World

By Charles Ward ("Bystander" Air Correspondent)

AVIATION as something vital to the safety of the nation has been uppermost in people's minds during the past year, whereas its direct utility for purposes of trade and travel is no less important, and its uses for sport and pleasure have ever-increasing attractions. There is no need for me to make more than a passing reference to the Service, as the Royal Air Force is dealt with elsewhere in this issue by the Under-Secretary of State himself. Great changes have taken place that will give the R.A.F. the lead which it should never have lost. Most significant is the tremendous advance in speed which has been made possible by the adoption of devices proved in commercial aircraft. The monoplane has almost completely eliminated the biplane, with its maze of struts and wires. Metal has replaced wood; the variable-pitch airscrew—the equivalent of a car's gear—enables greater loads to be carried with the original power; engines are boosted for speed at height, and new fuels give greater output without increasing weight. The appearance of the modern fighter or bomber is as near to a perfect streamlined shape as science can discover. Every firm in the country is working overtime to create the new R.A.F., yet last year saw the record broken for exports. Expansion on the civil side has been slower by comparison, but in 1938, the full benefit of the great Empire mail scheme will be felt. Already we have had examples of the revolution that has taken place in air transport. The flying-boat has taken pride of place in Imperial Airways' fleet, breaking and creating records which, a few years ago, only a landplane would tackle. Egypt non-stop in daylight is but a preliminary to the Atlantic flights that are to follow this summer. The plan is colossal, for, in addition to a trans-ocean service, Australia is to become seven days' distant, South Africa four and a half days, and there will be an air liner to the Near East every day. Across the Pacific, the Americans have established a line to China and, at the end of the month, the first passenger to book by air round the world will take his seat in California. A British line across the Pacific is a certainty of the future, with Canada as the connecting-link over the American continent. The responsibility for the success of this vast plan is one which Imperial Airways have undertaken as "the chosen instrument of His Majesty's Government for the extension of Empire air routes," and if one considers their record for safety and reliability during the past thirteen years, this success is assured. The carriage of all Empire mails by air without surcharge will give even greater encouragement to trade than did the institution of the penny post many years ago. But there are other airways to conquer—branch lines to the main routes in Africa, India, Australia; inter-State services in Europe; links between towns at home and a line to South America. From a host of small concerns started by the pioneers in air transport, two other combines share the confidence of the Government with Imperials—these are Railway Air Services, operating at home and British Airways to France and Northern Europe. Amongst foreign lines, the one with which we have most intimate relations is Air France—to the Riviera for warm air, to Geneva for really hot air, there is only one line—Air France.

(Continued on page 182)

A de Havilland "Express," one of the Jersey Airways' fleet, at the island airport. The company has operated regular daily services to and from England for some years, carrying thousands of people for their holidays in the sun

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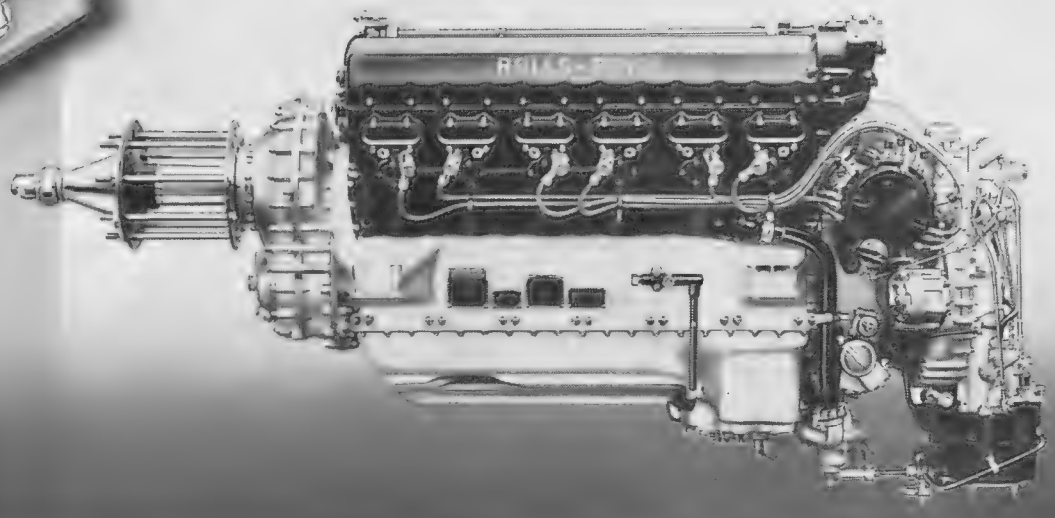

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In the Air To-Day

(*Continued from page 180*)

IT is to Bradshaw that we turn for guidance when travelling by air, for this international time-table has its flying section, published monthly and quite separate from its elder brother that deals with transport by land and sea. For home airways, tours through Europe, Brussels to Madagascar, Frankfurt to Buenos Aires, Rangoon to Mandalay, New York to Los Angeles, to mention a few at random, there are departure and arrival times, fares, notes on connections—in fact, everything that might be required by the busy man or the tourist at leisure. When the Atlantic is open to passenger traffic, Bradshaw will need to double its size, for there are literally hundreds of air lines on the American Continent that will have direct links with the old world. Talking of the Atlantic, there is much competition for first place. Imperial Airways have three separate plans, utilising either the Short "Empire" flying boats; the Mayo seaplane launched from the back of its bearer 'plane; or the de Havilland "Albatross," and the efficiency of any of these may be increased by refuelling in the air, following a system developed by Sir Alan Cobham. The American scheme is complementary to that of Imperial Airways—still larger flying-boats of fifty tons weight are being built for the passenger traffic of 1940. Air France and Lufthansa have spanned the South Atlantic—the former has more than 200 ocean mail flights to its credit and is actively exploring the route to New York. Nearer home, British Airways is concerned mainly with the Royal Mail route to Scandinavia—Stockholm is 7 hours 20 minutes distant from London—with three services a day to Paris rising to four a day during the period of the Exhibition, and with plans for a line to South America via the Gold Coast.

(*Continued on page 184*)

"The Aeroplane"

An "Eagle" from the B.A.M. factory at Hanworth. The same company makes the "Swallow" an open two-seater, easy to fly, and the "Double Eagle" for taxi and survey work

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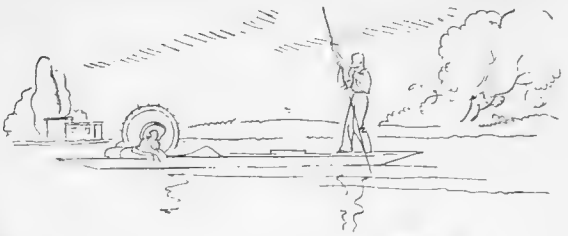

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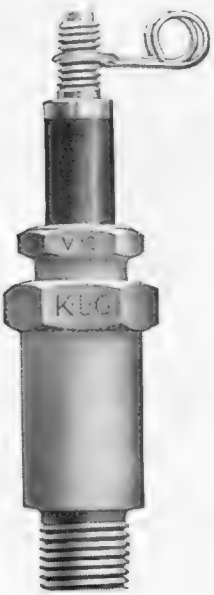

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In the Air To-Day

(Continued from page 182)

It is due largely to satisfaction in the home market that a product earns popularity abroad, and this is especially true of aircraft. The principal home users of the air liner are Railway Air Services and Jersey Airways, both of which companies employ the de Havilland "Express" and the "Rapide." The rail-air programme for the summer includes seventy-six daily services, of which four are on the Royal Mail route to Northern Ireland and fifty-two connect the Isle of Man with the various mainlands from which it draws its visitors. There are direct connections with the Continent via Croydon and Jersey Airways provides the link between the Channel Islands and Southampton. This company deserves the success which has rewarded its pioneer effort without subsidy. Tens of thousands of British holiday-makers have been carried to and from Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney and Sark during the past three years, without trouble of any kind. The railway air scheme has advantages, not enjoyed by that of independent operators—tickets are interchangeable with rail and sea services; there are luggage-in-advance facilities; also those who commute or travel in bulk get the same concessions by air. Of the smaller independent companies, Northern and Scottish Airways, which is really an associate of British Airways, operates from Glasgow as far south as Liverpool and northwards to the Outer Hebrides. Its air ambulance section is a unique feature, of great value in the Highlands and on the lonely islands off the North Atlantic coast. The recent Government report on civil aviation at home paid scant attention to ferry services over water, yet these are precisely the lines which are worth official support. Norman Edgar's pioneer efforts in the West Country, bridging the Bristol Channel, are succeeding after seven years' hard work. An interesting addition to his fleet is the Duke of Windsor's "Rapide" now used for joy-riding from Weston-super-Mare and to carry day trippers from Cardiff to the sandy shores of Somerset.

(Continued on page 186)

The Percival "Vega Gull," a record-breaker with trans-Atlantic honours to its credit. It carries four people with their luggage at 150 miles an hour and can be brought in to land at a genuine 45

'The Aeroplane'

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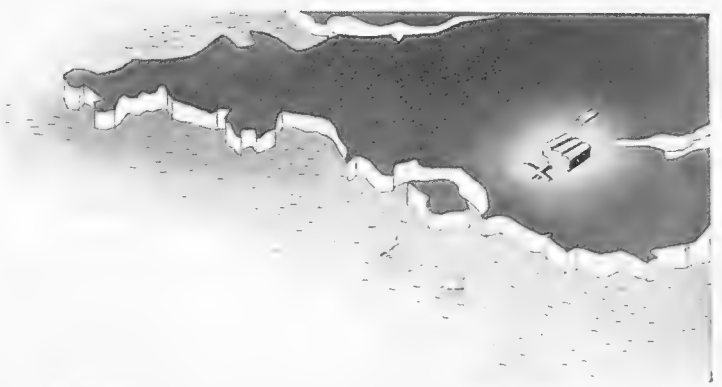

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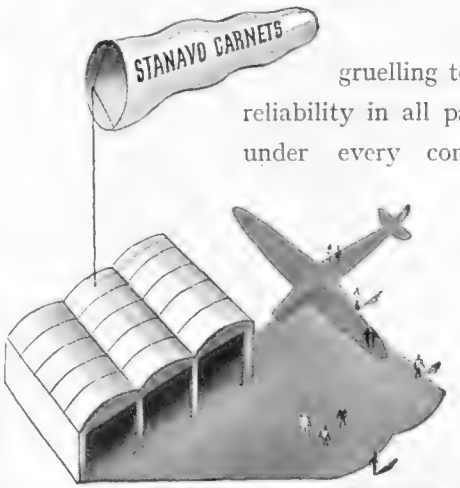

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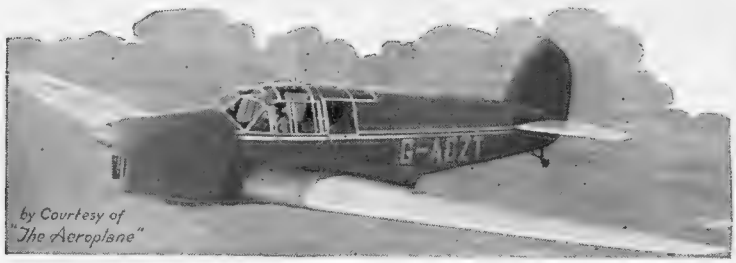
In the Air To-Day *(Continued from page 184)*

THE air charter business is a peculiarly British institution that has done much to spread the fame of our aircraft abroad. At the London airports there are several companies which specialise in this work, notably Olleys at Croydon, and Birketts at Heston. Captain Olley was one of Imperial Airways' star pilots for many years and after logging more than a million miles on commercial flying, he started his own concern. Quite recently, he was commissioned to find a pilot and crew for Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's 'plane to fly the Atlantic, and although the ocean race, for which this aircraft was intended, may not take place, the flight of the Clyde Clipper to America on other business is possible. At Heston, Captain Birkett, another old-timer, maintains a fleet which is mainly employed on press work. There is a 'plane and a pilot ready to go anywhere at any hour of the day or night. The Abyssinian war, the trouble in Spain, floods, shipwrecks, fires, films of the Coronation, these are the commodities in which an air taxi service deals. Great secrecy is being observed by the Press and the Film industry about the distribution of the Coronation pictures, but every charter 'plane in the country has been booked for some journey or other, though whether this will include Atlantic crossings is doubtful. The Zeppelin is a safer risk.

Re-fuelling up to date. A Shell-Mex launch topping up the tanks of an Imperial Airways' flying-boat at the rate of 120 gallons a minute. These launches have been specially built for service on the Empire routes and can cruise at seven knots

DURING the past ten years, the light aeroplane for Club use and touring has developed from the original Cirrus Moth cruising at 70 miles an hour to the slick monoplane with variable pitch airscrew such as a Vega Gull. De Havillands started this Moth business and after selling more than 4000 of the same basic open two-seater, and creating a demand for the modern cabin with the Puss Moth and the Leopard, they standardised the Hornet as a side-by-side cabin for two, selling at the amazingly low price of £775. Maintenance costs of the aircraft and its Gipsy engine are very small, an important feature when one realises that insurance, depreciation and interest on capital come to nearly 40 per cent. of the first cost every year. Cabin instruction is gradually gaining ground—the open cockpit will be even more a thing of the past than the open car in a few year's time. The Service still use an open type for training, of which the Tiger Moth is the most popular. Obviously for aerobatics, a cabin is not suited. It is said that it takes a Gull to beat a Gull and this type has had a wonderful run of success during the past two or three years, especially in the hands of women pilots. Miss Batten crossed the South Atlantic in record time; also the Tasman Sea to New Zealand—Mrs. Markham crossed the North Atlantic, and Mrs. Mollison broke records to and from the Cape. The Vega Gull carries four in luxury at a high cruising speed, yet it lands slowly enough for comfort in the hands of the average pilot. Another of the newcomers which has enjoyed considerable success is the Phillips and Powis group at Reading, with F. G. Miles as the designer.

(Continued on page 188)



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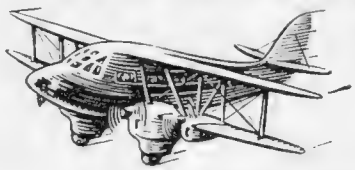

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Apply to the Commandant

AIR SERVICE TRAINING LIMITED, HAMBLE, SOUTHAMPTON

In the Air To-Day *(Continued from page 186)*

and now Rolls-Royce as the backer. One pilot, one ground engineer and one hangar in 1929 has increased to 1400 employees and a modern factory in six years. Most recent of the Company's products are the "Mohawk," specially built for Colonel Lindbergh and illustrated in this issue, and the Whitney-Straight, side-by-side at 130 miles an hour in comfort, yet it lands at 40. The "Hawk" Trainer was the first low-wing monoplane to be approved by the Air Ministry for ab initio instruction to Service pilots. It was Airspeed of Portsmouth which introduced the retractile undercarriage to England, and this concern has maintained its lead in its own particular field. A twin-engined "Envoy" has been ordered for the Royal Household and a speed of 200 miles will be attained. Large orders are in hand for monoplane trainers.

Two engines for owner-pilots are coming into fashion—at one end of the scale is the luxury 'plane such as a "Rapide" and the "Dragonfly" from de Havillands; the "Double Eagle" from British Aircraft at Hanworth; the "Envoy" similar to that ordered for the King; at the other is the light twin Hordern built for the Duke of Richmond and Gordon and the Carden Baynes "Bee." British Aircraft is also responsible for the "Swallow," quite the most simple type to fly, which is also practical for a long journey. Its single Pobjoy engine is replaceable by a Cirrus Minor, built by Blackburns at Brough, and remarkable for economy as well as reliability. Finally, there are the single seaters of which the "Drone," re-designed by Kronfeld, is a complete success. Descriptions of the Ground Trainer that can be used for instruction without an instructor have appeared on this page quite recently. It represents the most logical step towards cheaper flying. Amongst engines, the Gipsy continues to hold its own as the choice of every designer of light aircraft. At many race meetings, all starters have Gipsys, so that their advertising agent has no difficulty in picking the winner.

It was Francis Chichester who compared flying as an art to writing or making love—if you can't do it, nobody will ever teach you; if you can, nothing will ever stop you. There must be nearly 100 schools and clubs in the country where flying is taught and membership runs into five figures. Some take 50 hours to learn to fly and others master the art over a fine week-end. Much less than half of the total take flying seriously and to encourage those with a licence to keep in practice, the

(Continued on page ii)

The "Drone," built by Kronfeld at Hanworth. It is the best example of the ultra-light aircraft, easy to fly, cheap to buy and maintain. Lord Sempill has flown a "Drone" to Berlin and back, non-stop in each direction

"Flight"

The Miles "Whitney-Straight," built by Phillips and Powis at Reading. It is a side-by-side two-seater, fast, yet easy to land when aided by vacuum operated flaps. As a monoplane trainer or tourer it is at the top of its class

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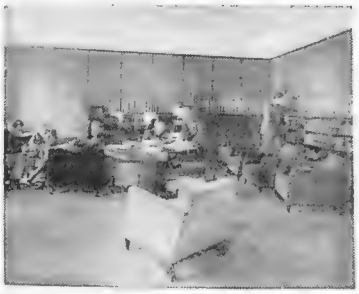

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Hon. Brian Lewis in the "News Chronicle."

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In the Air To-Day *(Continued from page 188)*

Lunch at the Heston snack-bar. There is also a restaurant at Heston, an hotel, squash courts and an airport club. Members with a licence can fly at two guineas an hour and can hire an aircraft for four guineas a day

Lord Malcolm Douglas Hamilton, who is an instructor with Air Service Training at Hamble; his wife and a friend. The 'plane is a Gipsy Moth, the type on which thousands of people have learnt to fly

Government subsidy scheme is to be altered so that cheaper hours may be logged by all.

THE leading school in the country and the most completely equipped in the world is Air Service Training at Hamble. Its pupils come from many foreign countries as well as the Dominions and from home. Training covers every branch of aviation, on the ground and in the air, including instruction on seaplanes and flying-boats for which the adjacent stretch of Southampton Water is ideally suited. Imperial Airways placed a contract with A.S.T. to train every one of its pilots for handling the new fleet of Empire boats. At all large centres of population there is a club or school, with London catered for by nearly a dozen. Those nearest to its centre are Heston and Hanworth, both just off the Great West Road. The amenities at Heston are well-known, as it combines the function of an airport for Continental traffic, a repair station, a club, a school, and a sales depot. Hanworth, with its country club opened to all as a hotel, houses three aircraft factories on its borders, yet these have not in any way spoilt the rural appearance of the old house and gardens. Aircraft Exchange and Mart have a school at Hanworth; flying is cheap—thirty-five shillings solo on a Moth and one pound an hour in the Aeronca. Blackburn's—or rather, North Sea Aerial Transport—have a branch school for Reserve training under the R.A.F. expansion scheme.

THE importance of aerodrome lay-out—a good surface and easy approaches from the air; the proper siting of buildings; correct hangar size and durable construction—is a matter which is receiving expert attention now that the mistakes of adolescence are realised. Croydon is a classic example of the old style, adapted from two wartime aerodromes, with buildings designed by the Government and Treasury control rigidly enforced over any alterations and improvements, of which many are still needed. Gatwick is an example of modern methods, with a railway approach by subway, concrete

(Concluded on page iv)

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In the Air To-Day

(Continued from page ii)

runs for aircraft, full night-flying and wireless equipment, and the most up-to-date hangars. Steelwork, on which the lasting quality of a building depends, is by A. and J. Main, of London and Glasgow, who have specialised in this class of equipment. There is no doubt that specialists are needed for work of this type; too often money is saved at the outset, but maintenance costs have proved too high.

THIS Coronation year is likely to see more flying and cheaper flying than ever before. The leading makers for the civil market are reducing the number of types in order to cheapen production. Running costs remain approximately the same, and whilst on that subject, oil is the lowest item in the budget, yet the most important. Patent Castrol continues to hold its lead amongst the record-breakers, who set a standard much higher than that required for normal touring. And with the never-failing sparks from K.L.G., amateur pilots can set out confidently on any flight—to the Cape or to Australia over well organised routes, and to literally hundreds of cities in Europe. Shell and "Stanavo" are the petrols which count, the former with its bases at the Empire airports and the latter as a standard grade throughout the world. With the Coronation as the feature of the year and thousands of visitors from abroad to witness the ceremony and afterwards to explore England, flying will get its full share of attention. High spots in the aviation calendar are Empire Air Day on May 29th, and the Royal Air Force Display, at Hendon, on June 26th.

Jean Mermoz, the greatest of all Air France pilots, who was lost when flying the Atlantic, has been commemorated by the French Post Office. There is a 30.C. stamp also

Air Vice-Marshal A. E. Borton, C.B., C.M.G., who is a director of Napiers and a consistent owner-pilot. He flies a Percival "Gull" and attends most of the aviation meetings in Europe

Squadron-Ldr. S. N. Webster, A.F.C., who is seconded for duty with the Egyptian Army. He won the Schneider Trophy for Britain at Venice in 1927

THERE are many champions of The "Antiquary" who declare—and rightly—that here is an old Scotch Liqueur Whisky quite without compare. This is a truth of which the makers themselves are justly proud. But most of the credit must be given to Time whose mellowing touch has brought this distilled spirit to its state of rare maturity.

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Visualize its decorative possibilities by securing an illustrated catalogue and a specimen jam spoon priced at 2/6 but offered at 1/6 through all leading silversmiths to introduce the "Hampton Court" design. If unobtainable, post paid from British Oneida Community Ltd., 264 (A.G.) Regent Street, W.1. . . . . Write for FREE booklet by Elizabeth Craig on setting table and care of silverware

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Cooking with an "Esse" ceases to be a labour as everything is so simple. It never goes out, burns practically nothing, and consequently pays for itself in a very short time. A "Premier" model illustrating the ample cooking accommodation afforded is pictured above. It is very inexpensive, and may be purchased on special no-deposit Hire Purchase terms for those who find it more convenient

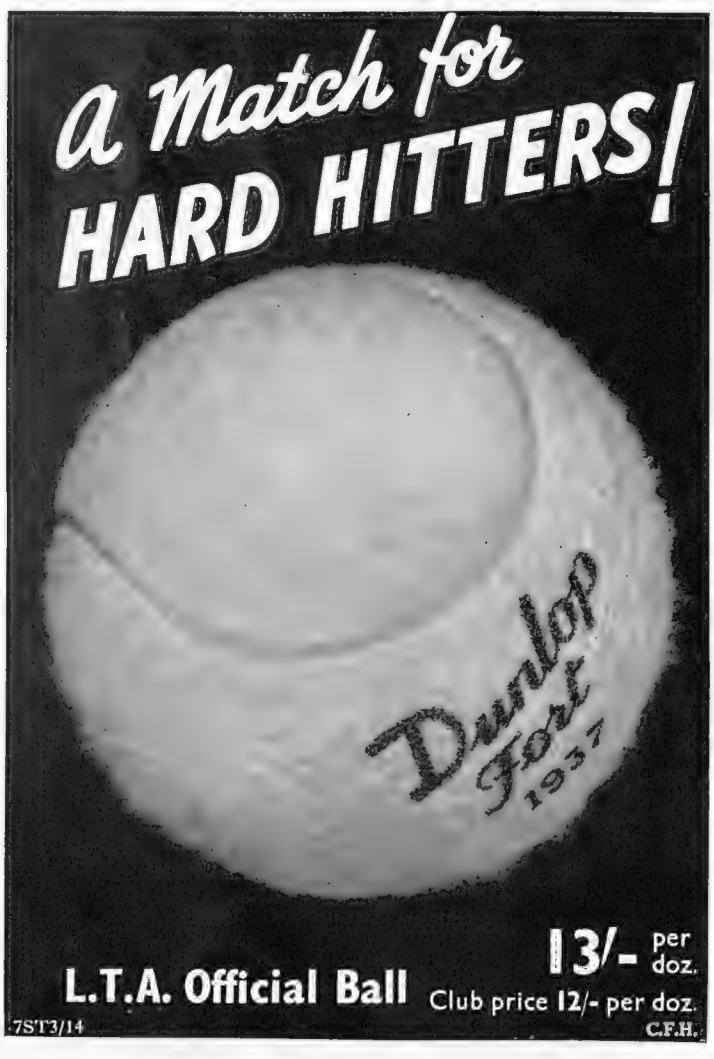
Comfort in the Kitchen

A Joy to Every Cook

FEW people realise, until they have to run a house of their own, how much of their happiness depends upon the kitchen stove. This may sound absurd, but tasteless food and an ill-tempered cook who is always complaining can make life very difficult. Science to-day, however, has revolutionised the kitchen by banishing the old-fashioned range and introducing modern, labour-saving cookers which work on the principle of heat storage. Among these is the Esse cooker, which is ideal in every way. It burns walnut-size anthracite or other solid smokeless fuel, and only needs filling twice in every twenty-four hours. There is no question of daily lighting, as it works continuously and is ready for instant use at any time. In fact, it hardly needs any attention as a thermostat handle controls the temperature, and gentle riddling clears the fire of any ash deposit. Each cooker, and there are several models of varying sizes, is fitted with a boiling hot-plate for stewing which will keep warm for as long as six hours after the fire has gone out. The ovens are scientifically ventilated to ensure healthy cooking and preserve the nutritious juices and flavour of the food, while excellent toast can be made without exposing the bread to either flames or fumes.

Practical Coronation Souvenirs

A "PREMIER" model of the Esse cooker is pictured on this page, complete with auxiliary oven. It will cook for an average household of up to twenty-two persons, and during the course of a whole year costs less to run than the normal fuel bill for one quarter. The porcelain enamel surfaces will withstand any amount of wear and tear, and are easily polished with a damp cloth, while flue cleaning is almost negligible. Customers, however, are invited to visit the demonstration kitchens which Smith and Wellstood, proprietors of the Esse Cooker Company, have opened at 63, Conduit Street. This firm, by the way, are issuing gratis and post free to all users of Esse cookers a pad of daily menu sheets in handsome covers, with a pencil. Each day is provided with a shopping list plus some practical reminder appertaining to the cooker. These gifts should be greatly appreciated by every housewife who proposes entertaining on a large scale throughout the Coronation season



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Thoroughly British, they are built to give easy running, trouble-free service and last a lifetime.

GREEN'S Light Motor Mower

These machines are specially suitable for private lawns and small sports grounds, are economical to run and most thorough in their results. Made in two-stroke and four-stroke models.

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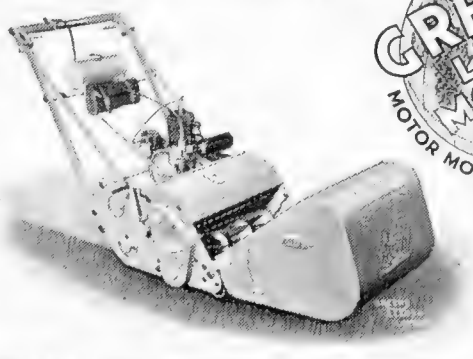

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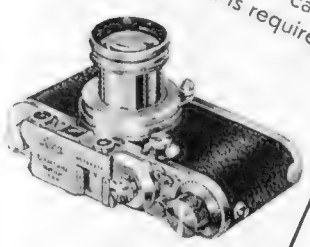

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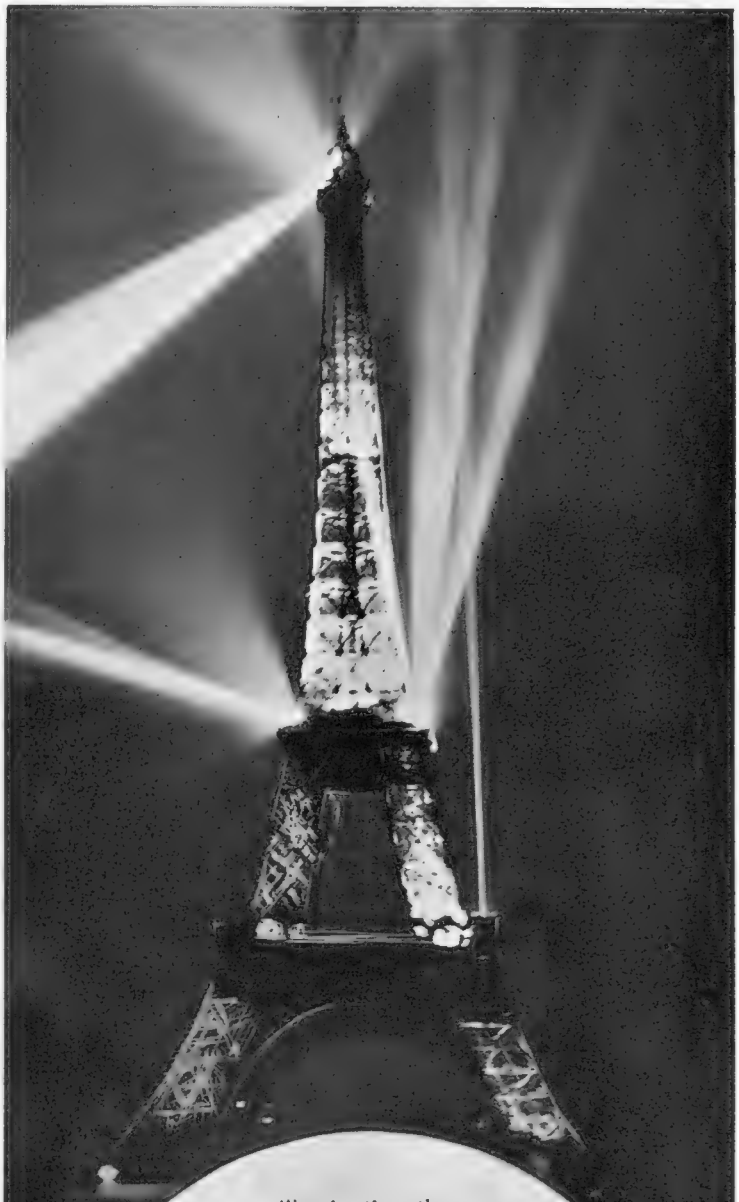

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PARIS 1937

The "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes (14th Year)

At Gleneagles Hotel G.C. (King's Course),

JUNE 15 to 18, 1937

Holders: Miss Robertson-Durham and Miss Helen Nimmo.

Entries close Friday, May 28th. Enter NOW.

Open to all players, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign and other competitors without L.G.U. handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, May 28th.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament. Seeded draw.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTEL

The Bystander Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day inclusive.*

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at Gleneagles, King's Course, during the Foursomes. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS: Medal play under L.G.U. handicap. Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card. Entries received on day of play only.

GLENEAGLES HOTEL — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, by **Friday, May 28th, 1937.**

The "BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Gleneagles Hotel G.C., June 15th, 1937, and following days.

PLEASE PRINT.

Please enter
Mrs. }
Miss } .....

of .....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Gleneagles with

Mrs. }
Miss } .....

of .....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above, or after June 12th to her at Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire. Telephone: Auchterarder 70.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competitions must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — APRIL

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

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A new kind of sock. Self-supporting, suspenderless. The special patented design with a top band containing Lastex yarn does the trick. They can't come down. They don't let you down. No drag, no tension and no wrinkles. 4/6 to 21/-. Obtainable from: Army and Navy Stores, Austin Reed, Colletts, Fortnum & Mason, Gieves, Harrods, Hawes & Curtis, Meakers, Morgan & Ball, Selfridge's Simpsons and other good hosiers.

TENOVA

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Patent No. 323457. Reg. Design 748974.

Tenova Ltd., 157-161 Regent St., London, W.1. Regent 2424

"Shall I wear the black velvet or the lace?"

"*So you're going to Henry's party tonight, after all?*"

"Looks rather like it, doesn't it? Rather a bore though. I mean, I love to dance but, oh, the morning after! One can't refuse *every* drink, can one?"

"Ca depende cherie. *You can at least stick to Gin and Lime. After all nature meant it for girls like us who like parties and good times but don't like hopeless dawns,* and *Lime Juice is easy on the complexion as well as the constitution.*"

"How nice and reassuring you are Julia. Is Ronnie in the Lime Juice business by any chance?"

"*He isn't. But he says he gets through a bottle of Rose's Lime Juice a week. Drinks it at night. Something to do with hang-overs. Dr. Grant advised Dora to drink it for her figure, too.*"

"About time somebody advised Dora to do something about her figure."

"*M'm — I should wear the black velvet darling — it should harmonise perfectly with your feline mood.*"

SEE THAT IT'S MADE WITH ROSE'S

SHORT DRINK—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts gin. LONG DRINK—add soda.

For your Throat

Allenburys

Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d & 1/3

insist on *Turknit*

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- Dry faster—
- Are more absorbent—
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BECAUSE—
they are KNITTED on patent machines with highest grade American Cotton

PLEASE REFUSE SUBSTITUTES—NO OTHER FACE CLOTH IS MADE OF THIS MATERIAL

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The Bystander, April 28.

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Pearl Freeman

Patricia Taylor

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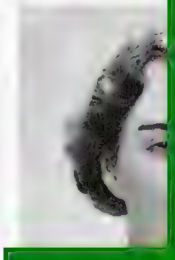
Kay Vaughan

Jean Robertson

Is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. F. W. Robertson, of Foxhill, Elstead, Surrey, and is engaged to Captain Patrick Boon, the Dorsetshire Regiment, elder son of Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Boon, of Whitehall, Broseley, Shropshire



Vandyk

Sheila Louise Crawford

Is the only daughter of Captain N. S. Crawford and Mrs. Nicholas; she is engaged to Mr. J. A. Kitson, elder son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. L. Kitson, of The Chantry, Netherbury, Dorset

Elwin Neame

Betty Back

Is the daughter of Mr. Howard C. Back, of the Connaught Hotel, London, and Mrs. Phyllis Back, of Lossiemouth; she is engaged to Stanley Davis, son of the late A. D. Davis and Mrs. Klein De Jong, of 12, Mulberry Walk, Chelsea

Lenare

Elspeth Henderson

Elspeth Agnes Mary Craik Henderson, only daughter of Professor and Mrs. Henderson, of Royston, Downahill, Glasgow, is engaged to Douglas Riley-Smith, elder son of Mr. Riley-Smith, of Toulston, Tadcaster, and Mrs. C. S. Drabble

Pearl Freeman

Sylvia Browne

Is the elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. W. W. Browne, of Greyburns, Lancaster Avenue, Farnham, and is engaged to Dr. E. M. Town-Jones, of Frensham, Surrey, son of the late J. A. Jones and Mrs. Jones, of Leeds